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THE GREAT STORM

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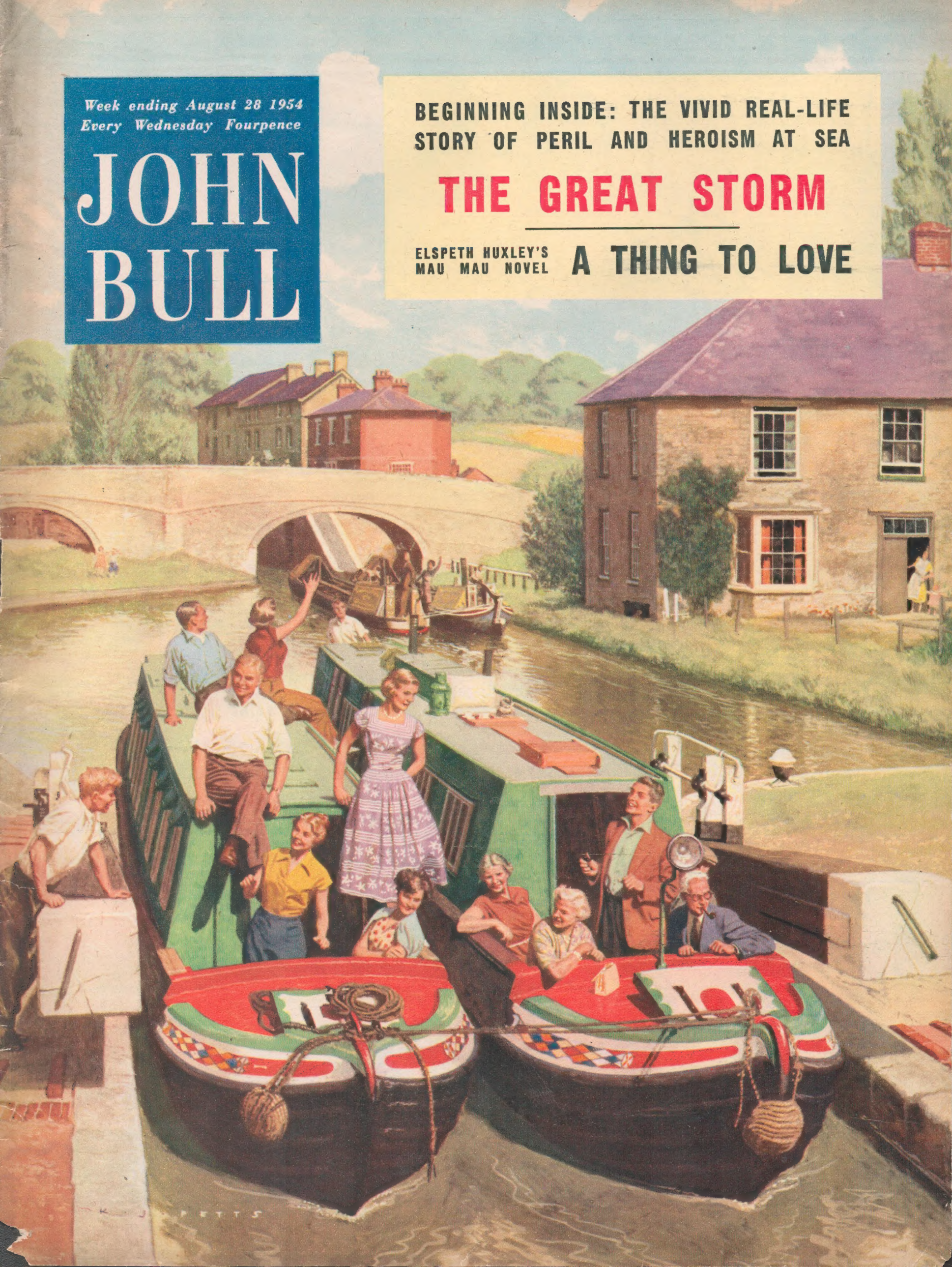

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EDITORIAL

Dr. Hill's chance

As Dr. William Parker travels round the country, he is frequently shocked at the low standard of cleanliness in cafés, restaurants and food shops.

He is the Medical Officer of Health for Brighton, and his health committee has convinced most of the local caterers that it is in their own interests to keep their premises and food scrupulously clean.

But everybody who eats out knows that there are too many establishments in Britain which care little for elementary cleanliness. Behind the scenes, where medical officers like Dr. Parker go, it is often even grimmer.

For the last four years, ever since the catering trade working party recommended stringent changes in the food laws, Dr. Parker has been consoling himself that the law would be changed to make dirtiness an offence.

DR. WILLIAM PARKER
He was infuriated

He was delighted when the Food and Drugs Amendment Bill was published. For it appeared that the sixty-seven recommendations would be given force of law.

Smoking while handling food; using cracked crockery; displaying uncovered pies; failing to have an adequate supply of hot water; serving beer in dirty glasses—all these were to be punishable.

Last month he got a nasty surprise. When the second draft of the regulations appeared it seemed that none of these was to be included after all. Some of the recommendations were to be dropped, others incorporated into a "code of practice" which could not be enforced. Only seven were left.

Infuriated, Dr. Parker wrote to his professional journal: "The effect will be to weaken the present powers of some local authorities. . . . The suggestion that the health of the public is to be subordinated to commercial interests should not have to be made."

For, regrettably, it is the caterers' trade associations which have asked for the cuts in the new Bill. They say that it would cost far too much to put them into effect.

Now the Ministry of Food is considering the final Bill. Dr. Charles Hill, the Parliamentary Secretary, says that his Ministry has not yet decided definitely to cut out all the regulations which offend the caterers.

But he certainly does not intend to reinstate all the points which would please Dr. Parker and his fellow health officers.

The regulations should be as tough as possible. We have a right to clean, safe food—and the former outspoken "Radio Doctor" has a great opportunity to see that we get it.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Every year, nearly five thousand canal pleasurecraft nose out miles of unspoilt countryside. And the number grows—a contrast to today's industrial neglect of our canal system. Michael Streat, of Braunston, Northants, has turned two old barges—Nelson and Nancy—into Britain's first inland floating hotel. One barge is a lounge, galley and dining-saloon; the other has eight sleeping cabins. K. J. Petts shows them at Stoke Bruern lock.

He's stalking the 'enemy'!

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FREE SPEECH

Should we put ambition first?

I OWN a small factory, and recently my production manager came back from a visit to the United States, where he had been studying techniques.

He told me that in many American firms a list of all salaries and wages is kept on the notice board. The theory—which seems to work well—is that the highest-paid executives are stimulated to justify their salaries by realizing how much more they earn than anyone else. The lower-paid workers can see the rewards waiting for those who strive for promotion.

When we proposed doing the same thing in our factory, I was prepared for opposition from the top men, and intended to overrule them in the interest of encouraging their juniors.

In fact, the top men raised no objections at all. But there was an outcry from the low earners who said that they would be seriously embarrassed and lose face with their colleagues if their wages were made public.

Can it be that appearances are more important to the British than ambition?—J. D., Birmingham.

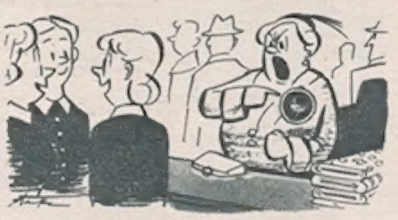
The English Abroad

WHENEVER I have been abroad I have been amused by the insistence of Englishmen on things English. On the South African veld, where grass is a most difficult thing to grow, an Englishman's garden will inevitably have a lawn. He will water it by day with a sprinkler and at night with a hose—a job he will never entrust to his servant. But no one is allowed on the lawn except on a few days a year, when the family will ruin it by taking tea there.

In Malaya, as a temporary messing officer, I often tried to interest my compatriots in Oriental dishes that would cost a fortune in England. On the hottest days they would insist on roast beef and Yorkshire pudding—or stew and dumplings. — LANE MEDDICK, Moore Road, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.19.

Guide To Shoppers

ON a recent visit to the Rhineland, I noticed that a number of Düsseldorf shops had introduced a novel way of putting prospective customers at ease. Shoppers who wish merely to look round may collect a badge as they enter the store. The badge shows a lapwing, the colour of which may be



changed from red to white. Assistants will only approach customers whose badges show a white bird. I was told that this "window shopping" inside the store had already increased sales. —MRS. CHARLOTTE HOFLER, Shirehall Park, Hendon, London, N.W.4.

. . . When I was shopping the other day, an American woman startled my grocer by sampling one biscuit from each tin before she bought any. She explained: "I thought that was why they were loose. If shopkeepers don't want people to sample the biscuits, they should wrap them as we do in the States."—MRS. J. COOPER, Kent.

Winged Steed?

THE fantastic yet fascinating story of the man who changed himself into a bird ("Mitsinari," August 7) may be explained by the fact that the cassowary bird is easily tamed. I wonder if Ain'u'Ku might have done this and, as they are strong birds, used one as a steed.—G. P. TOWLSON, Rodney Road, Saltford, Bristol.

Cassowary birds are often caught while young and kept by natives for food, says the London Zoo. When fully grown they are extremely strong and run very fast, but they would be unable to carry a man.

Weeding The Weeds

As secretary of a garden crafts society, I should like to point out that a person may be compelled to cut down certain weeds on his land ("Consider Your Verdict," August 7). Failure to do so might entail a fine of £20, and twenty shillings for each day he allows them to stand after his conviction. — N. HALL, Hartforde Road, Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire.

Powers have been given to county borough councils and, outside their areas, to the Ministry of Agriculture, to serve notice requiring a person to cut down injurious weeds. The weeds listed are: ragwort, spear thistle, creeping or field thistle, curled dock and broad-leaved dock. Nettles, subject of the case we quoted, are not included.

First-hand Advice

SOME wonderful professional work is done by the nurses and staff of Charing Cross Hospital (JOHN BULL, July 17), and its friends are always striving to improve the comfort of patients. A booklet on the hospital is given to all in-patients, and suggestions are invited from them for improving the hospital service.

As a result we have received many useful ideas. Some have been acted upon—a hair drier is now available in each ward, all patients have a bedside jug of drinking water, the wireless relay system has been extended, and there is more effective signposting throughout the hospital—but the rest can only be carried out by voluntary help.

Some former patients are banding themselves together in a league to implement these suggestions—for instance, organizing visitors for patients who have no relatives or friends, driving convalescent patients to the sea for the day, providing extra help at Christmas so that staff can take some time off. There are so many ways in which volunteers can assist. —HOWARD MARSHALL, Brook Street, London, W.1.

Howard Marshall, B.B.C. commentator, is a member of the hospital's Board of Governors and chairman of its League of Friends.

No Chances

AMERICANS may indeed be surprised at the casual way in which money is handled in British banks ("Free Speech," July 31). I doubt if greater caution is shown anywhere than at a bank at Lahore which I visited frequently as an officer in the Gurkha Rifles. Cashiers used to sit cross-legged on their cash boxes. Whenever a cheque was presented, the cashier would rise, glance round suspiciously, grudgingly hand over the money—and quickly lock the box again. It amazed me how swiftly these men could detect and discard the forged rupee notes that sometimes found their way into the money I paid in. — G. W. MINSHULL, High Street, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.

. . . When I was training at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, I saw some U.S. ratings parade for their pay. Around the table were half a dozen Marines, armed with tommy-guns and standing in dramatic postures. When I returned to the barracks where the British contingent was housed, I was surprised to see the paymaster-lieutenant sitting at a table in the entrance hall with a pile of notes in front of him. As I walked in, many notes were blown to the floor. I helped to pick them up, and was told: "By the way, I have some money for you." — HAROLD GIBBS, Broughton Road, Ealing, London, W.13.

Open House

WHILE on holiday in Denmark recently, I took this photograph of a little girl—one of the British children being treated there for tuberculosis. The Danes have been so successful in fighting the disease that their sanatoria have empty beds, and

foreign children are invited to fill them. I was told that their success was probably due to years of high living standards, and widespread use of preventive vaccines and mass radiography. — A. ELLIS, London, S.W.4.

At Vordingborg Sanatorium, Zeeland, sixty miles from Copenhagen, 225 British children have been treated for tuberculosis since March, 1952. The children are flown there and back, and usually stay for about nine months. The cost—£30,000 a year—is met by the Anglo-Danish Fund, a voluntary organization.

THE MAN WITHOUT PITY

by GARNETT RADCLIFFE

This dramatic short story appears...

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

The Radio Show — and a cracking good show it is—has cost us a packet, so naturally we want you to come along and see our sets. But here's something that may surprise you : we don't want you to *choose* your set there. Why not ? Just because it *is* a show — big and bright and noisy enough to bamboozle anyone. Do your choosing at your Murphy Dealer's. You can take your time, ask a lot of questions and get a lot of sensible answers — and be sure of getting the kind of set you really want.

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Stand 40 at the Radio Show

How could I scold a child so ill?

WHEN THE LOVELY WHITE NIGHTIE came from Aunt Barbara for my little girl, she was far too ill to care how pretty it was.

But now the roses were coming back to her cheeks. So, in readiness for her Aunt's visit next day, I let my pet try it on.

And then—oh dear!—all down the front she upset her hot blackcurrant drink.

How could I scold her—a child who'd been so ill? *I couldn't!* I said nothing—except to my friend next door.

"And there's nothing that I know of," I added, "that will wash out such a heavy stain." She raised her eyebrows, "But surely you read the papers?" she asked. . . .

PERHAPS THE BLAME WAS MINE

Maybe it was my fault, but with all the worry of a sick child on my hands I hadn't noticed about Surf boiling spotless. Anyway, I went to work with a packet my neighbour lent me.

I took the nightdress, gave it a good soaking in Surf and cold water—left it to soak for about an hour. Then I put it into fresh Surf suds which I brought to the boil—and kept boiling for ten minutes. It came out spotless! Not just white—spotless!

Next day she made the sweetest picture. Of course, her Aunt was pleased to see her wearing the nightie. So I just couldn't resist telling her about the accident—and about Surf. "Of course Surf is wonderful," she smiled. "I should know. I use Surf for washing *everything!*"

You don't need to juggle with different powders on washday. Surf washes work-soiled dungarees, greasy overalls, coloureds, woollens—*everything*—spotless! And your white things will be more than just white—*spotless!*

Surf boils spotless!

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For three terrible days early in 1953, seamen fought the raging gale that swept Britain. J. Lennox Kerr begins the story of . . .

THE GREAT STORM

DURING THE LAST DAY of January and the first days of February, 1953, a great storm swept from the Atlantic across Great Britain and north-east Europe. An intense depression coming from the north Atlantic reached the north-west corner of Scotland on the evening of January 30, then took a southerly course. Around the depression, violent winds revolved, beginning in the south-west and ending in the north-east.

Like a vast scythe blade, these winds, sometimes topping a hundred miles an hour, curved across the British Isles, gathering into their ferocious grip sea and land, homes and ships, animals in the fields, and human beings.

The gale coincided with a full moon, and the combined "pull" of sun and moon produced a high spring tide. The indented, ragged coast, the strings of small islands, the narrow channels round Britain, obstructed the heavy flow of water pressed in by wind and tide, thrusting it back upon itself. Inexorably, the sea flowed to the law it obeys, and so, where obstructed, it boiled in fury and climbed upon itself to overcome the obstruction.

The almost enclosed North Sea could not get rid of the excess water coming through its northern channel, and the surface rose far above the normal or predicted heights and spread over low-lying country. The gale gave this invading water claws and teeth to tear at the sea defences, and made every wave a battering ram that little could withstand. The sea tore at every flaw, hammering mercilessly

There was a grinding as the Clan Macquarrie was crushed. Rescuers fired the rocket line. They knew there were sixty-six men aboard

until the barriers fell apart; then the water went on to attack the homes of men, and to overwhelm bewildered people who had never thought of the sea as an enemy. The loss of life and property was high.

Because of the devastation on shore, what happened at sea passed almost unnoticed, except for the major disaster of the passenger ship, Princess Victoria. The flooding of the land had an unnatural quality that claimed all the attention of newspapers and the public, yet round the British coasts many ships went down, several without trace. Nearly three hundred people lost their lives at sea and in less than three days the coastal wireless stations of the General Post Office received distress calls from nearly fifty ships.

Gale Drove Ship On To Shore

The storm claimed its first victim at sea at 12.17 a.m. on January 31. Rounding Cape Wrath at the north-west corner of Scotland, the Clan Macquarrie, a seven thousand ton cargo vessel, met the fury of the gale now coming from the south-west and found herself dangerously beset attempting to pass down the Minch, the channel inside the Outer Hebrides.

She sought more sea-room by heading to pass outside the Island of Lewis. Suddenly, the wind slackened as the centre of the depression passed over the Hebrides, and then shifted to the north-west, driving the ship towards the western shore of Lewis.

Thomas Price, the thirty-eight year old station officer of Stornoway Coastguard Station, had been half expecting a summons. He had gone to bed early, but his sleep was uneasy. A trimly built man with receding hair and thin features, Price had never served at sea, but in ten years as a coastguard he had developed a seaman's sensitiveness to changing weather. He woke to find a momentary stillness and silence. Then the wind burst against his house with a new fury from another direction. Price knew what this shift of wind might mean to any vessel trying to round the Butt of Lewis that night. He was out of bed almost before his telephone started ringing.

The coastguard on duty at the lookout hut repeated the message he had received from a village on the coast to the north-west: "A cargo ship has gone ashore just below Borve." Price dressed and hurried next door to the local coastguard headquarters, where the officer on duty was already summoning the drivers of the two vehicles used for transporting the life-saving apparatus and its trained volunteer crew.

Rescue Crew Did Not Arrive

Price went to the back of the building to fire off the maroon calling out the twenty men. The maroon soared from its gun, to be caught by the gale and flung low and far out into the Minch, its green star smothered by a sleet squall and its explosion hardly heard above the whistling and roaring wind.

By the time Price had collected certain lighter pieces of gear—a portable searchlight and its motor, signal lamps and torches—the two vehicles, a light van and a five-ton truck, were waiting outside, but none of the crew had arrived. The lorry went round to collect them from their beds. Only seven men could be mustered. Several were ill, one had a sick wife, others worked during the night as bakers and gasworks stokers. The crew would have to rely on help from the men of Borve.

Price, with two other men, set out at once in the van while the rest quickly loaded the truck. The gear, weighing about half a ton, consisted of a folding rocket-firing projector made of tubular steel, a coil of thick hawser, long black wooden boxes containing the lighter whips and throwing line, an eighty-four pound anchor and a long thick board for mooring the hawser in the ground, a ten foot folding steel tripod to raise the land end of the hawser when it was stretched from ship to shore, a box of three foot cordite rockets capable of throwing a line five hundred yards in two and a half seconds, the breeches buoy, and a small haversack holding tools and keys for setting the firing gear.

With the gear on board, the men clambered into the truck, and followed the van on a wild ride.

The road from Stornoway to Borve is tarred, but hardly wider than a single track. It is laid on spongy, peaty moorland and sinks in places to the weight of any heavy vehicle. On this night the road hardly showed at all. Snow merged it with moorland. The drivers kept to the tarred surface only by watching for the dead switch-grass that gleamed silver-grey in their headlights.

As the van climbed out of Stornoway and on to the open highlands, a blast of wind carried it across the road and the driver had to fight to hold it. Price and his two companions pressed low in their seats, leaning sideways to prevent the van overturning as it tilted.

The windscreen was soon thick with snow. As the van hit the corrugations in the road, it leaped in the air, and when the gale caught it at such moments the driver had to wrench his wheel and try to come into the wind, as a helmsman would swing a ship threatening to broach to.

Behind, the heavier truck suffered the same conditions. The gale ripped great tears in the canvas hood, exposing the crew to the blast and driving snow. But both vehicles covered the twenty miles to Borve in just over an hour.

Torrents Soaked Stumbling Men

Villagers with torches waited to guide the crew to the wreck. While the truck took another road to get nearer to the ship, Tom Price, helped by the Borve men, unloaded his searchlight and other light gear and set off for the shore by a more direct, though rougher track.

The men went in twos and threes, holding on to each other. Draining gullies on each side of the track had become boiling torrents and in the darkness the men stumbled into these and were soaked. Against the 110 m.p.h. gusts, each man had to hold his cap over his nose and mouth to get his breath. It took them an hour to cover the long slope from the village to the beach.

Meanwhile, the truck had gone down the second road until its wheels sank into bog. The men climbed out and carried the heavy gear over sinking ground, with their backs to the wind. At times, they had to crawl and drag their equipment.

All were long since soaked to the skin. The slope opposite the stranded ship ended abruptly with sandbanks fifteen to twenty feet high. The wind rolled back the turf at the edge of the banks and blew the water cascading off the slope back into the faces of the rescuers. To reach the boulders below, the men had to crawl, dragging their gear, turn their backs to the gale, and move backwards through the wall of water, finding the lower level with their feet.

Wave Doused Signalling Lamp

Now the men found a new trial. Oil from the ship's breached tanks smeared the boulders with a treacherous, slippery scum. A wave deluged Price as he stood supported by three men and tried to speak to the ship by Morse. The lamp went out. Price tried a hand torch and managed to tell the ship that a line was to be fired.

"How many are on board?" he signalled. A light flashed back: "Sixty-six."

Price was astounded. Nothing like that number of men had ever been rescued successfully by breeches buoy before.

The portable searchlight showed the Clan Macquarrie, a gigantic dark shape, lying almost broadside on to the shore about three hundred yards away. Between ship and rescuers, water boiled and broke, and behind the ship great

The sea poured into the Princess Victoria's car

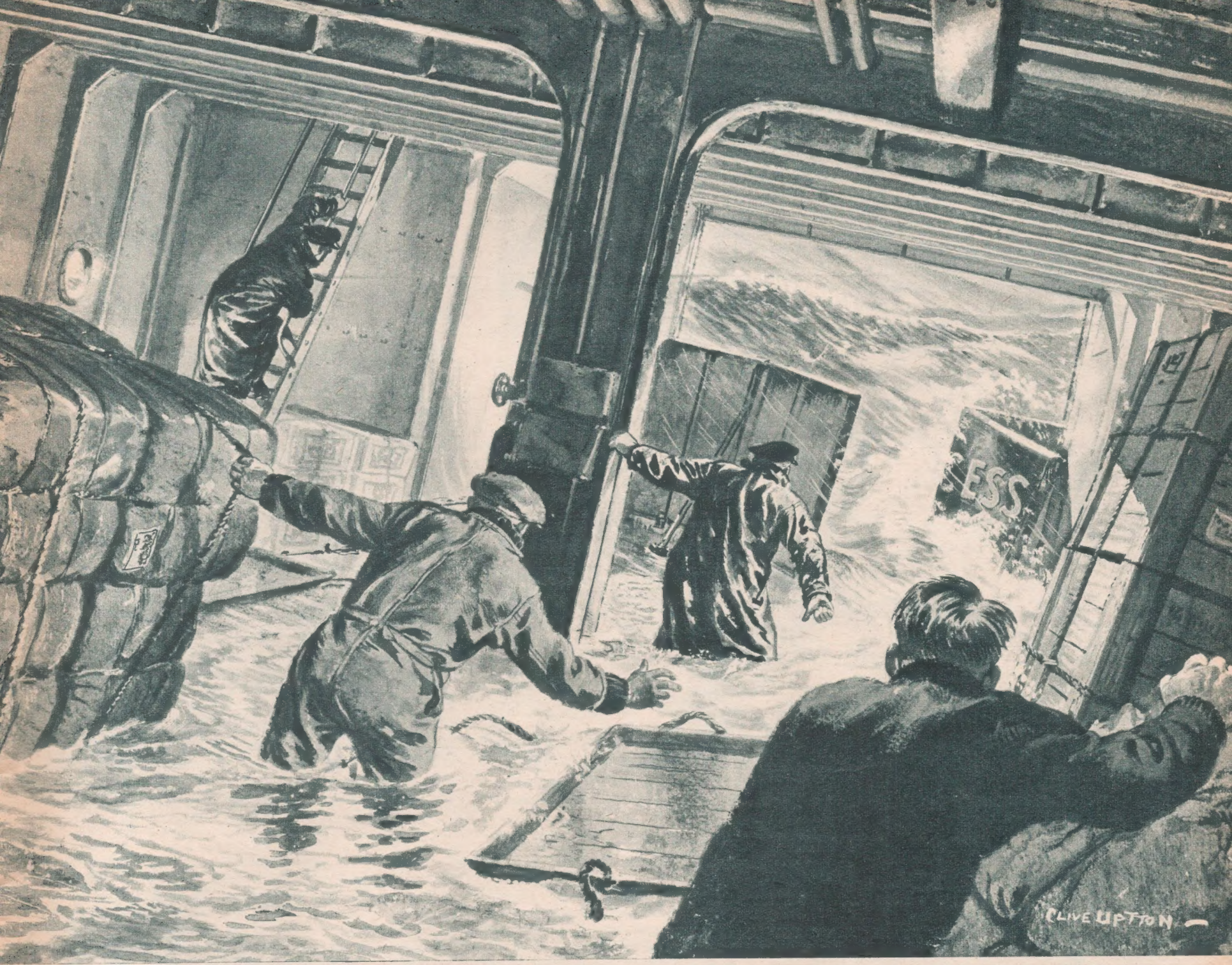
waves swelled up and descended on her. Amazingly, she seemed firm and upright, although the men on the shore could hear the fearsome grinding of a ship being crushed.

The rescue team was ready. The rocket projector squatted like some large grasshopper on the boulders, its black rocket in place and connected to the light line it would carry outwards. The black box containing the line and whip lay just in front of the projector. At ten minutes past three, less than two and a half hours after the men had left Stornoway, they fired the first rocket. It hissed up and disappeared into the snow.

The men watched expectantly. Then a light flashed from the ship: "The line has missed." The rocket had passed out of reach through the ship's propeller guard under her stern.

At once the men on shore tried to pull in the line. But it was so oily that they could not grip it. They cut it away and two men went back to the lorry for another black box. At twenty minutes past four another rocket was fired. This time the line landed across the aerial wires between the ship's masts, but the crew could not find it. Again, the oil made the line so greasy that it had to be cut and abandoned.

The rising tide swung the Clan Macquarrie's bow farther on to the rocks. A signal lamp winked from the ship's bridgehouse as the



deck, tearing at the men who struggled to reach the breached stern doors. In such a storm, each wave that crashed through put the ship in greater peril

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLIVE UPTTON

officers there answered what seemed to be another lamp calling from higher up on the land, but which was really a fused electric cable sparking on a pole.

On shore, the men were practically exhausted. They clustered behind a rock for a breather. The tide kept on flooding, and suddenly a huge wave thick with oil crashed over the rock, the searchlight generator and the men. Wearily, in complete darkness now, the rescuers began dragging their equipment higher up the beach.

Ferry Ship Prepared To Sail

Down Scotland's west coast the gale blew still fiercer, pressing the incoming spring tide five and six feet higher than normal. Two hundred and forty miles south of the stricken Clan Macquarrie, in Stranraer, harbour workers and seamen prepared the British Railways' cross-channel steamer, Princess Victoria, for the first half of her daily run to and from Larne, in Ulster.

Built in 1946, the Princess Victoria was much like any other coastal passenger vessel. In her stern, however, an opening seven feet seven inches above the water-line led on to a car deck which spanned the ship's full width and extended for more than half her length. Two steel gates five feet six inches high, with bolts and thick stays, closed this opening at sea.

Forward of the car deck were sleeping berths and lounges. On the deck above were dining saloons, more lounges and bars. And on the boatdeck were six lifeboats for 333 people and thirty rafts for 1,440 people. The ship also carried twelve lifebuoys and 1,566 life-jackets for the safety of the 1,515 passengers and fifty-one crew which she was licensed to carry. This morning her complement was to total 176.

The pre-sailing routine had proceeded uneventfully. Just before midnight, the train from Glasgow brought her Scottish passengers. Those who could afford the price went to sleeping berths; others made themselves comfortable in the lounges. The retired sailor who acted as night watchman checked the moorings which had been doubled because of a gale warning.

The wind had risen just before midnight, but it came from the north-west and in Stranraer harbour its force was not noticed fully. The Princess Victoria ranged a little against the wooden piles of the pier and her ropes creaked soft protest, but this was not unusual.

Soon after five o'clock, the driver of the pier crane arrived to stoke up his fire and raise the steam he would need for lifting cargo. He called a greeting to the ship's watchman, then climbed to his raised cabin, and soon flame pressed out of the crane's chimney, to be torn from it by the high wind. The longshoremen arrived and began to unload cargo from railway goods wagons and stack it on large wooden trays which the crane lifted high, then lowered into the lighted car deck. The ship was carrying no vehicles, and the forty-four tons of cargo were stowed on trays lashed against the ship's side in the car deck.

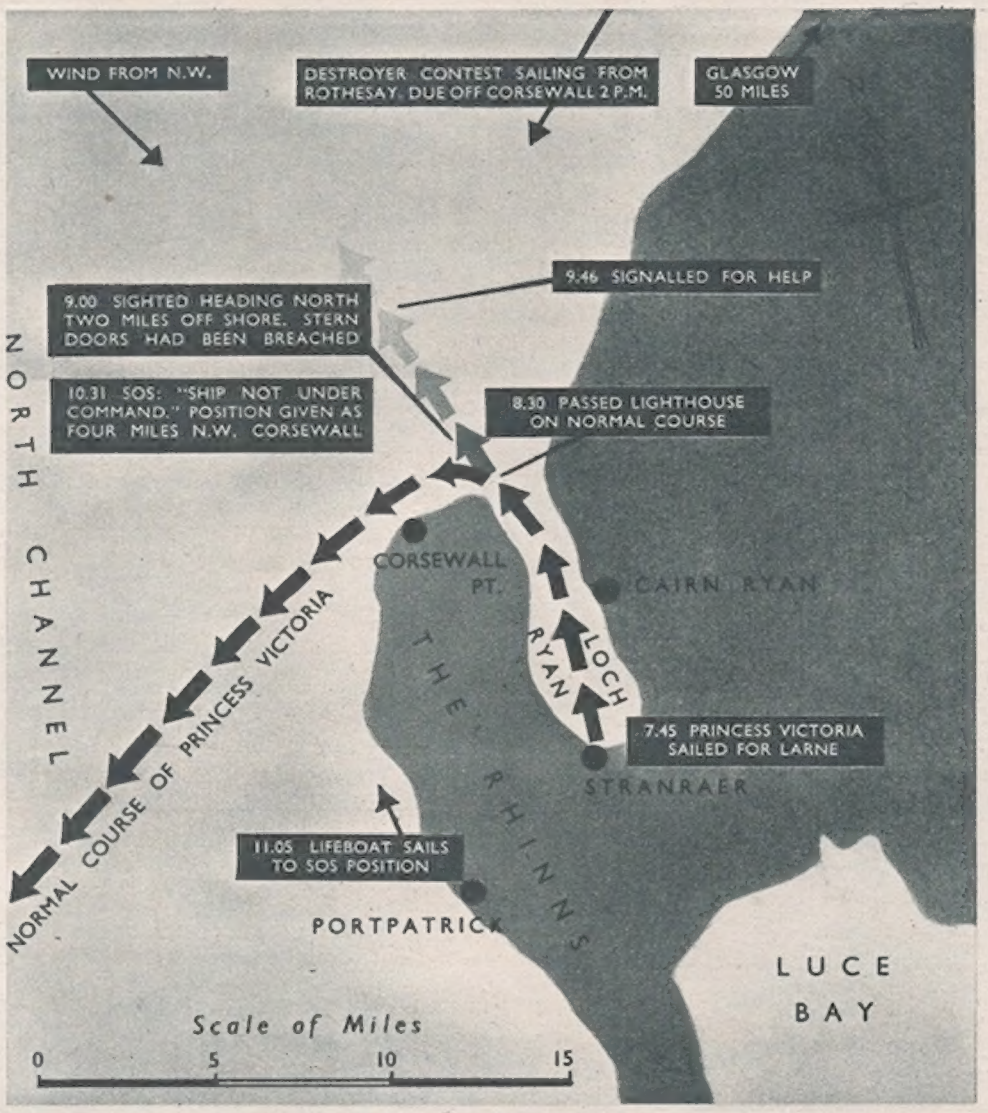
The members of the crew who lived in Stranraer were arriving now. The stewards checked over their stock, called those sleeping passengers who had asked to be roused, and collected passengers' baggage. The engineers and greasers went over their machinery and checked deck gear in their charge.

Biting Wind Lashed Passengers

The bos'n prepared to take in some of the extra moorings, to see to the securing of loose gear. Hardly a man on board needed telling what to do. Most of them had sailed on railway boats for many years.

The London train arrived at 5.45, and the pace quickened. The passengers from the train had to turn away from the strong wind and its chilling bite. The women's coats and skirts whipped; the men held their hats. They hurried over the gangway into the warmth of the saloons and lounges. The cargo workers loaded fat mail bags on their trays and the crane swung these into the after open end of the car deck.

Next, the fifty-five year old captain, James


WIND FROM N.W.
DESTROYER CONTEST SAILING FROM ROTHESAY. DUE OFF CORSEWALL 2 P.M.
GLASGOW 50 MILES
9.46 SIGNALLED FOR HELP
9.00 SIGHTED HEADING NORTH TWO MILES OFF SHORE. STERN DOORS HAD BEEN BREACHED
10.31 SOS: "SHIP NOT UNDER COMMAND." POSITION GIVEN AS FOUR MILES N.W. CORSEWALL
8.30 PASSED LIGHTHOUSE ON NORMAL COURSE
NORTH CHANNEL
NORMAL COURSE OF PRINCESS VICTORIA
CORSEWALL PT.
CAIRN RYAN
LOCH RYAN
THE RHINNS
7.45 PRINCESS VICTORIA SAILED FOR LARNE
STRANRAER
11.05 LIFEBOAT SAILS TO SOS POSITION
PORTPATRICK
LUCE BAY
Scale of Miles
0 5 10 15

The beginning of the ill-fated Princess Victoria's last voyage. Her course, after water began pouring into her stern, baffled rescuers ashore and remains a mystery

First man on land to learn that the ferry ship was in danger was William Ross, operator at Portpatrick Wireless Station

Millar Ferguson, walked briskly on board, wearing, as usual, a civilian hat and a raincoat over his uniform. Tall and dignified, Ferguson had been a master on the Stranraer-Larne run since 1936. He had left it only to take one of the ferry ships on war service as a minelayer, and another as a troop-landing vessel on D-day. He was an assured, amiable and contented man and one of the most experienced masters on the cross-channel service.

It never occurred to anyone on the Princess Victoria to question her sailing this morning. Clearly it was going to be an uncomfortable crossing but the ship had made many uncomfortable crossings before. At 7.45 her last mooring lines were cast off from the pier and she drew away into the loch, three-quarters of an hour behind schedule.

In the small wireless cabin behind the wheelhouse, the radio officer tapped out notice of her sailing to Portpatrick Wireless Station. David Broadfoot's Morse was as precise and exact as the man himself. A youthful fifty-three, with a lean face and a strong jaw, he was thorough in all things. Broadfoot had been with the railway ships since 1915. His own ship was the Princess Margaret; today he was doing a relief duty.

Storm Was Roaring Terror

The Princess Victoria drew abreast of the wartime-built port of Cairn Ryan and came out of the shelter of the western shore of the loch. The seas rose unexpectedly high, and the ship dipped her bows steeply. A salmon fisherman watched her from his bothy near the shore and appreciated more the shelter of his small hut.

Men aboard craft of the Royal Army Service Corps in Cairn Ryan were glad they lay behind harbour walls and were not out there. She was fairly diving into it now. The wind was a roaring terror, whistling and screaming. The Princess Victoria went on, sinking her bows into heavy seas and casting spray high against her bridge.

From the wheelhouse, the officers looked down to make sure nothing was unsecured on deck. Seamen rigged rope lifelines across open parts of the decks, and stewards hurried to clear the tables of dishes and to make all secure. Those passengers who knew they would be seasick found corners where they could huddle with their pans. A group of men who crossed regularly started a game of cards in the saloon. The bar was open for the comfort of anyone who thought a drink would make the brief voyage more tolerable.

Captain Kept Off Course

Snow squalls came down on the ship as she headed towards the mouth of the loch and the seas grew still larger. Captain Ferguson held her up into the weather instead of bringing her round on her usual course close by Corsewall Point at the northern tip of the Mull of Galloway. This was weather when a wise seaman sought to place his ship well out from any lee shore. He would hold her up for a few miles, then come round and shape a course that would bring the wind on his starboard bow. She would soon find a lee off the Irish coast.

Just outside Loch Ryan, the Princess Victoria ran into an irregular sea of high, short-spaced waves that gave her no chance to ride the crests. Captain Ferguson and his deck officers almost certainly expected them there. Off headlands like Corsewall Point, where a shelving sea bed causes fast, confused tidal streams, seas are always disturbed and distorted. This morning, the high wind and tide whipped up the quick, steep waves and they ran at the ship from all directions.

On a farm above Corsewall Point, a shepherd saw the Princess Victoria pass the lighthouse on her usual course, then take three very heavy rolls as she turned towards the wind. She carried on a few lengths, took another short turn to come straight into the wind, and reared right on her end. That happened at about 8.30 a.m. Some thirty minutes later, the ship appeared again off Corsewall within two miles of the shore and again heading to the northward.

She had obviously tried to return to Loch Ryan.

The reason for the ferry ship's reappearance seemed inexplicable but, in those thirty minutes north of Corsewall Point, the heavy seas had damaged her severely. A wave had thundered through one of the bolted and barred stern gates, and water swilled feet deep along the car deck, tearing at the lashings on the trays of cargo.

A seaman had reported the accident to the bridge. Captain Ferguson at once told two officers to take half a dozen men astern to try to close the gate. "I'll slow her down a bit more," he said. "Let me know how things are, as quickly as you can."

Iron Bolts Were Twisted

The men found more and more water coming on board every time the stern sank into a sea. The blow had sprung the bolts and the thick steel stays, and twisted the edge of the door. They tried to close it with a crowbar, but to straighten the steel was beyond human strength. Every wave coming on board threatened to wash them off their feet. The officers led the men back and out of the car space, then returned to the bridge to report the damage to the master.

During this operation, Ferguson had been leading his ship more or less back to Loch Ryan. All the time, the following seas swept freely into the car deck. Now, the captain turned the Princess Victoria's bows into the seas again, deciding to try to reach Loch Ryan stern first.

Two men and the carpenter struggled to the

Captain Ferguson found his ship sinking in a savage gale. On board were 176 men and women

Spreadborough (left) and McGarrie, the two coastguards at Portpatrick, alerted the lifeboat's crew and waited for news. The Princess Victoria was in trouble—but no one knew her position

forecastle head to unscrew the locking pin on the bow rudder. But before the men could do the job, the officers on the bridge recalled them, fearing that the seas would wash them overboard. The ship kept moving slowly out to sea.

At 9.46, William James Ross, the short, dark operator on duty at Portpatrick G.P.O. Wireless Station, high on the west coast cliffs of the Rhinns of Galloway, picked up a Morse message prefaced with the call XXX, indicating a ship in difficulty but not in distress.

Coastguards Took Action

It read: "Princess Victoria to GPK (Portpatrick Radio) XXX Hove to off mouth of Loch Ryan. Vessel not under command. Urgent assistance of tug required."

Ross adjusted his dials delicately as he listened for further messages, and reached for the direction finder with his left hand. His watch-mate on the radio telephone within a few feet of him repeated the message in ordinary speech, passed the story into the teleprinter, then telephoned the coastguard look-out on the nearby cliffs.

The coastguard on duty was Station Officer David Thomson McGarrie, a man of medium height and build and intensely earnest in manner. McGarrie at once telephoned the district officer, then speculated on the ship's position. If she were adrift and helpless, she would be blown on either this western shore of the Mull, or on to the coast inside Loch Ryan.

The district officer, William Charles Spreadborough, a tall, broad-shouldered ex-chief yeoman of signals of the Royal Navy, arrived by car and immediately called the Corsewall Point lighthouse. The keepers said they could not see the Princess Victoria; visibility was almost nil there and a tremendous sea was running.

Spreadborough next telephoned Cairn Ryan

Continued on page 26

"The storm drove the Clan Macquarrie ashore there." At Borve, Thomas Price shows where he and his team struggled at night to rescue sixty-six men, across three hundred yards of boiling sea

A thing to love

by ELSPETH HUXLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

With troubles everywhere, her thoughts had seldom been of Sam. Now, quite suddenly, she had a choice to make

TERROR IN KENYA was in its early stages. Most Europeans were too shocked and bewildered by the suddenness of the Mau Mau outrages to feel fear—yet.

The crisis was the single topic of conversation at the party where Pat Foxley, a Kenya-born mission school teacher, met Sam Gibson for the second time. A few days earlier they had been fellow passengers in a plane from England. Sam had felt attracted to her at once, but since his divorce he'd been wary of women. He wanted to be sure. . . .

On his way back to Nairobi, Sam met another of the passengers who had been in the plane—Gitau, a cultured but rather prickly Kikuyu. Sam gave him a lift into Nairobi.

Gitau, the head of a teachers' training college, saw himself as the saviour of the Kikuyu race. Away from the college, he gave all his time to the work of the Council of Nine, the Mau Mau leaders. He was one of its most fanatical members.

Back in Nairobi, his double life soon ended. The Council's meeting place was raided by the police. Gitau, who had gone to report the arrival of guns in crates labelled "Dried Figs," only just escaped—after strangling a boy who got in the way. He'd found the killing strangely exciting: it was a milestone from which to start life as an outlaw. . . .

The mission at which Pat Foxley taught was near Sunguru, where Matthew Kimani, one of the few African District Officers, worked. A devout Christian, Matthew felt torn by conflicting loyalties. His father, Chief Kimani, bitterly opposed the Mau Mau conspiracy; his brother, Josiah, was one of its leaders.

Lonely and afraid, Matthew knew that his life was in danger. He felt surrounded by a mist of hatred. Even Martha, his wife, seemed to be turning against him. Now that her cousin, Gitau, was a wanted man, she had said she wished to be called by her Kikuyu name of Wambui. The renunciation of her Christian name shocked Matthew deeply.

He was sure that evil things were about to happen. He waited, troubled and uncertain in mind.

PART THREE

Defence Of The Mission

NEXT day, Matthew received instructions from the District Commissioner to go up to the Mission to talk about security. There had been some ugly incidents nearby and it was feared that the rebels, who seemed to be growing bolder every day, would try to rush the station and kill the missionaries. There simply weren't any police to send. The Mission must organize its own defence as best it could, but everything must be done immediately.

"And tell them we don't want any of this turn-the-other-cheek business," said the District Commissioner. "Turn the other cheek to a Mau Mau and he'll slash it with a panga. Muscular Christianity's the ticket now. Onward Christian soldiers. The hosts of Midian must have their tails kicked."

"I'll tell them, sir," said Matthew gravely. He didn't approve of levity in such circumstances.

The Mission was about ten miles from Matthew's out-station. The country looked its best as he drove through it. The rains had drenched it all with vivid green. Crops were sappy still, not yet ripening, except some of the maize that had been planted early. The land seemed almost to sing with fertility. It was an afternoon on which you felt like striding forth along the path whistling and swinging your stick. Goat-bells tinkled in the scrub covering the resting shambas and, as he passed, the voices of children chanting phrases after their teacher came to Matthew from a thatched, whitewashed school.

YET, for all this sunlit glory, for all the green slopes and blue sky with its graceful moving clouds, something was wrong. The children didn't shout and wave at Matthew's car as they used to: they looked at him in silence or hid in the bush. No women, bent low under heavy loads of produce, plodded along, for the markets were closed. No groups of young men with tilted hats sauntered down the road, smoking and laughing. People were going about their business, but without joy.

Matthew was greeted at the Mission by the Rev. Zacharias, a portly, spectacled man, held in wide respect. His father had been nothing, yet he had risen to become a clergyman who could preach a sermon that shook the walls of the heart and wrung tears from the eyes. Although he had publicly denounced the conspiracy and the Spokesman, and told everyone that hatred came from the Devil, he had not yet been molested, perhaps because many people believed that he was indeed a chosen man of God.

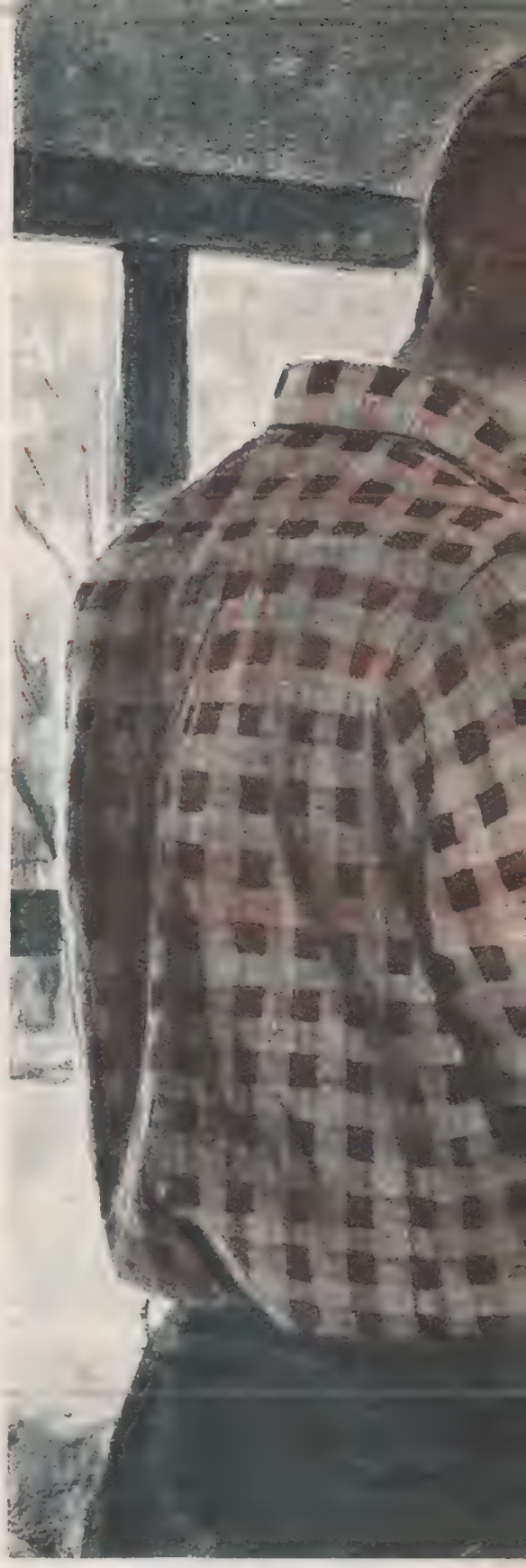
"Is your news good, brother?" Zacharias asked.

"I am well, and so is my wife and my father."

"Praise be to the Lord."

"But there is trouble everywhere."

The Rev. Zacharias nodded. "Like a bush fire, it runs before the wind and consumes the



It was as if they had both come home. "I'm

senses of the people. In the bosom of Jesus, all is peace."

"The District Commissioner wishes the Mission to be protected, so I have come to see Mr. Macalister."

"The Mission is protected by the love of Jesus," the Rev. Zacharias said sternly. Matthew thought of the District Commissioner's parting remark; he did not feel able to translate it.

"I will take you to Mr. Macalister," Zacharias added. "What good is an askari with his rifle, if God does not hear our prayers? And if He hears them, what need is there for an askari?"

They walked across a lawn partly shaded by a big pepper tree to the low wooden bungalow which housed Stephen Macalister, headmaster of the school and training college, his wife and a couple of small children. The afternoon's work was ending, and tea was offered to the guest on the veranda.

Macalister did not seem any more impressed with the District Commissioner's suggestion than

glad this happened," Sam said tenderly. "I couldn't have gone on pretending to be indifferent"

the Rev. Zacharias had been. He was a spare, angular Scot with jutting eyebrows, a stern mouth and eyes that seldom softened.

"The man's talking nonsense," he said. "Does he think we ought to turn the Mission into a fort? If we put a dozen half-baked guards round the place, they'd only be a provocation. 'All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.' I think our Lord's instructions are pretty clear on that point. If it suits His purpose to save us, no doubt He'll do so; if He doesn't, then we've no call to be saved."

MATTHEW opened his mouth and closed it again. He had done all he could. Mrs. Macalister came on to the veranda with Pat Foxley, her assistant in the primary school.

"You must stay for our meeting at five o'clock, Matthew," she said. "The brethren will want to welcome you, and perhaps you will talk to them."

"I do not think I have anything to say."

"The brethren need encouragement just now, Matthew; life goes hard with some of them."

"This is a selective war," Macalister said. "Your people are killing all their best men, Matthew."

"They have tried twice already to kill my father."

"Let's talk about something more cheerful," Mrs. Macalister said. "How's your wife, Matthew?"

"She is very well." But she didn't notice that he didn't smile and brighten as he generally did when his wife was mentioned. His face looked dull and heavy; a worry there, too. This thing got at the roots, like some pervasive poison, invisible yet everywhere.

"I hear you have a son," Pat Foxley said. He listened for that special tone of voice which many Europeans used when they made a special effort to be friendly to Africans, but could not detect it, and so he gladly broke the bread of conversation with her.

Two days later, Sam Gibson called. "I've come to ask you to spend the day with me," he said. "We'll drive out to my place, have lunch and get back before dark."

"But I can't!" Pat told him. "I've got a women's sewing class, some essays to correct—dozens of things."

"It's Saturday, and surely you have a day off sometimes? This'll be my last chance."

"Why, you're not leaving?"

"For the time being."

"You're not going overseas?" Pat's voice sounded so shocked and incredulous that Sam laughed.

"They've offered me a job in the Administration, as a matter of fact. So I shall be a civil servant and too busy passing bucks to take you for motor drives. My last chance—please come."

To his surprise, Mrs. Macalister backed him up. "It does everyone good to get a break," she said. "I'll take the sewing class."

"But I must go home for a weekend soon."

"Never mind. We can manage."

Pat gave in. It was a lovely morning, the birds were singing and the prospect of a brief change strangely comforting. Two days ago, Zacharias had failed to return by nightfall from an expedition on his bicycle to hold Bible meetings in mission schools. They'd kept a light burning for him all night but he never came, and gloom had settled on them in the morning. Zacharias, with his courage and his spectacles and his friendly smile, his devotion and oratory, was perhaps by then a mutilated corpse. It had seemed but a little consolation to know that his soul would certainly be with God.

But, later in the day, Zacharias had turned up. While he'd been drinking tea with a schoolmaster, the tyres of his bicycle had been slashed to ribbons, and a note threatening him with death left on the handlebars.

He'd walked, quite unarmed, several miles to the Roman Catholic Mission where he'd spent the night, safe in body but exposed in spirit to infection by dangerous heresies. Of the two risks, this had distressed him the most, but he'd survived both dangers and returned smiling, anxious to repair the bicycle and start on his next round of meetings. Pat and the Macalisters felt years older, while he simply regarded the incident as one more proof of the Lord's favour.

WHEN Sam Gibson had arrived at breakfast-time the next morning, Pat had been astounded. She'd heard nothing from him since their meeting at the Wrens' and had tried to put him from her mind. He puzzled and bothered her like some elusive taste that clings to the tongue. But lately, with troubles everywhere and the growing tension, she thought of him seldom. His image was fading, and then suddenly he appeared, large and self-confident and healthy, and again threw her mind out of gear.

It struck her that to refuse to spend the day with him would be a form of cowardice. And Ruth Macalister wanted her to go.

Once in the car, twisting along the red roads, she was attacked by a fit of panic. She oughtn't to have come. She knew very little of Sam, and what she did know wasn't reassuring. The whole day! The hours stretched ahead into infinity; he'd be bored with her in one of them. It wasn't the danger of seduction that terrified her, but the prospect of not knowing what to say. He'd think her a bore, a prig—a waste of time. He didn't make it easier by driving in silence for some way, until she felt impelled to venture a remark.

"This is awfully kind of you. I don't think I ought to have come."

"It isn't kind at all; I came because I wanted to. I'm an extremely selfish man. On the other hand, after I'd driven seventy miles to see you, it might have seemed selfish of you to have refused to come. I traded on your being the least selfish of the two, and, of course, I was right."

This attitude was a little irritating. "I

shouldn't have come if Ruth Macalister hadn't wanted me to."

"Thank God for the maternal instinct in women."

She hoped he was not going to be flippant all day.

"How's your son?" she inquired.

"He's thriving, and learning cricket. If I'd had my way he'd be back at school in England, and especially since this emergency. But my ex-wife refused."

"I think she's quite right," Pat said.

"I don't. I think he'd get a better education at home and no one would be likely to chop him to bits with a panga."

"What's the point of having a son if he's in one country and you're in another?"

"Like a true British father, I only want to do what's best for the boy."

"I'm glad no one sent me home to be educated," said Pat. "If I hadn't been brought up here I shouldn't have got to know the people so well, and perhaps understood them a little. In those days, of course, I went about wherever I liked without a thought that anyone might be unfriendly, and everyone you met greeted you. I suppose it's different now."

"At the moment, very. And it won't ever be quite the same again."

"In many ways that will be a good thing," Pat suggested.

"Oh, I suppose it will. We shall all be very inter-racial, I dare say. I've been practising. All I've got out of it so far has been indigestion."

"Mental, or in the tummy?"

"In the tummy. I went to dinner with the Indian owner of the local sawmill and had masses of chupattis fried in ghee and then a huge curry. I ate far too much because I thought it might be rude to leave any, and he showed his goodwill by helping me lavishly. He's an excellent fellow, but his wife's a bit of a stumbling-block for the return visit. Perhaps I ought to marry again."

"Perhaps you ought," Pat said composedly. The panic was over, and now she was glad that she had come.

Once they left Kikuyuland behind, the country changed abruptly. The red, fertile foothills petered out into a dry, short-grassed plain whose soil was too light to stand a plough. Sam's farm lay on the slopes below the Aberdare Mountains, where forest merged into plain. From his veranda you could look out over miles of rolling natural pasture interspersed with belts of cedar and olive woods.

BEHIND the farm, rose a steep escarpment, all rocks and roots and trees, that looked black and sinister. Sam told her how, in the early days of settlement, a Dutchman had trekked over the land he now owned, taken his wagons to bits at the bottom of the escarpment, got them all up somehow on porters' backs, and then reassembled the wagons and trekked on.

"They were tough in those days," Sam said. "People wouldn't do it nowadays. They'd charter a plane."

Pat thought of Piet Hendriks, and disagreed. Piet had joined the police reserve, Sam told her. To find the men who'd maimed his cattle had become almost an obsession. "He's too bitter," Sam said. "It's dangerous. But I'd feel just the same if I'd had to shoot my pedigree Frieslands." Sam himself was to see out the emergency as a temporary District Officer, while a neighbour managed the farm under his sporadic direction. His own task would be to organize a Home Guard unit among those Kikuyu willing to defy the terrorists.

Sipping an iced drink on the veranda of his bungalow, Sam started to tell her about some of the people who'd opened up this country thirty or forty years earlier, in the days of the ox-cart. She listened to him with pleasure. His brown eyes, the colour of light sherry, seemed to smile on their own account, his voice was agreeable. There was no doubt that he could charm if he wanted to and that he wanted to now.

Pat was at once flattered and on guard against flattery. In all honesty, she felt she ought to warn him that he was barking up the wrong tree, but her resources fell short of devising a means to do so. About half-way through lunch, she abandoned the effort to restrict her own pleasure demanded by her principles. They laughed a lot at very little, and simply enjoyed themselves.

The living-room had many books, some pictures and only one photograph, that of Dick, his son, wearing the fresh, bird-like look of early boyhood.

"He's extremely good-looking," Pat said.

"So's his mother. She has the face of an angel and the brains of a gnat."

Pat said nothing for fear of sounding censorious, but disapproved.

Sam remarked irritably: "She isn't dead. I don't have to speak only good of her."

He was annoyed because he'd dragged in the subject just when everything was going so well.

EVEN the mention of Eileen was like a piece of grit in a bearing, and as hard to remove. He found himself thinking: is this girl any more suitable for me than Eileen? He had burned his fingers once, and still he could not keep away from the fire.

He could see all Pat's failings. She was the very last person he would have chosen. Serious-minded, idealistic, full of opinions, and dedicated to a life of good works—a hopeless proposition.

In spite of that, he couldn't dodge this feeling of enchantment in her company. He couldn't bear to think of the day ending and the emptiness of his house. Delighting in the grace of her movements, her young, serious face, the curl of chestnut hair above the nape of her neck, and her quick, warm smile, he despaired at the same time of making any impression beyond that of a fluent egotist. Fool, to try so hard to please this very ordinary young woman, to care for her opinion, to crave her company, in short—to fall in love.

He showed her the farm. The place looked well-planned, tidy and prosperous. What a difference it made to be able to afford a combine, she thought, instead of having to wait, like her father, for a contractor who never came until birds had eaten the wheat or a storm flattened it! But she knew that more than good luck and capital were responsible for the order she saw here. Clearly, he was no fool; he'd learned quickly and worked hard.

"I wonder you didn't take to farming," Sam said.

"Why should I, if I didn't want to?"

It was a snap; a moment later, Pat felt guilty, and added: "Sorry, that wasn't very civil. People do go on at me so, just because I wanted to work with children instead of animals, and as for getting mixed up with missionaries, apparently it's worse than consorting with thieves."

"We'd better change the subject. I was telling you about this method of making lucerne hay."

They were standing in a shed among tiers of wire trays where lucerne was drying in layers; the sweet, aromatic smell of it was everywhere in their lungs and nostrils—a good, rich, ripe scent of earth and sunshine and fertility.

"It keeps its colour better if you dry it in the shade," he added. "And the protein. . . ." He looked at her and laughed. "What a ridiculous thing to talk about!" He talked no more, but succumbed without further struggle to an overmastering impulse to take her in his arms. Neither had intended it, and both felt as if, after a long journey, they had come home.

When they drew apart, he held her face between his hands and said: "I'm glad this happened. I couldn't have gone on pretending to be indifferent."

Driving back with him, later than they had intended, her thoughts were incoherent; this was something she'd never bargained for. It needed time to sort out. He smiled at her in the evening light and said: "No afterthoughts. Let's enjoy it while we can."

"It's incredible!"

"No. It's just a new start for both of us."

A new start—the very words increased his feeling of elation. Yet he kept saying to himself, over and over again: "You cockeyed fool!"

The result was that he drove too fast and broke a spring. They limped in much too slowly—an easy target for gangsters, thought the Macalisters, thoroughly upset and, on Pat's safe arrival, naturally irate.

"Ye'll have to stay the night." Stephen Macalister became more Scottish when he was angry.

"I'm afraid I'd better," Sam said, "if you can find me a corner—a sofa would do."

"Ye'll have a bed, and thank the Lord, in His mercy, that it isn't a grave."

Supper was not a convivial meal.

Expecting to fret all night on a bed of indecision, Pat slept deeply and awoke feeling jubilant. The sunshine, the chirping of birds, the sound of children's voices, all increased her sense of well-being.

Sam departed after breakfast in his injured car, under the eyes of the Macalisters, so that he could only take Pat's hand for a moment and say: "I shall be posted in a day or two, and

Crouching in the banana grove, Gitau heard a

sharp crack. He saw the bridge sag, and felt a savage joy as Kimani's Land Rover plunged down, sending its passengers hurtling into the river below

I might not be far away. So I'll be seeing you. Thank you for yesterday."

Ruth Macalister and Pat walked back to the house together. By some sort of instinct, Pat knew that the older woman had seen it all and did not approve. She said abruptly: "You don't like him, do you?"

"You're old enough to judge your own friends."

"It wasn't his fault we were late."

Ruth Macalister didn't answer; there was nothing to be gained by argument when Pat was in one of these moods.

"You must do as you think best," she said as they reached the house, "but I implore you to ask for guidance. Often one's inclinations only lead into the wilderness."

By the veranda steps, Pat stood still and looked at the ground. Into the wilderness. Her life had taken a certain course; a dedicated course. She'd never doubted that it was the right one. And now it had led her suddenly, without warning, up against a blank wall. The path divided, a branch led in each direction, and there didn't seem to be a middle road.

AFTER their escape from the police raid on the conspiracy's headquarters, Gitau and Josiah did not stay in Nairobi for long. Gitau learned with pride that the police were offering two thousand shillings to anyone who could capture him.

Both men had relatives in the Tetu district, and so to Tetu they came. Here they decided to part. Josiah wanted to remain in the town, Gitau to go to Kimani's location.

Gitau secured a lift in a lorry belonging to a building contractor who, by a stroke of good fortune, was going to Sunguru, in Chief Kimani's location. He settled himself comfortably in the cab.

Several years had passed since he had visited his birthplace, and he'd be coming back, he reflected, to a changed country; but, then, wasn't he a changed Gitau? Suppose, in this lorry, he were to meet a ghost on the road; the ghost of a young man going to Nairobi, well dressed, well educated, tall and strong, his heart leaping like an antelope, his mind full of hope and confidence. This young man had won his diploma and now he was going to Nairobi to adorn his first job.

What would it say, this ghost, when it looked into the lorry and saw Gitau the oath-giver going back to his birthplace with his name a secret whispered from man to man? Perhaps it would say: Haven't your wishes given birth and aren't those children strong and numerous? For now you are a big man, your name is whispered everywhere, you are a member of the highest council of the Kikuyu, a friend of the Spokesman, who is their greatest man. Well done, that ghost would say, and doff its hat as it walked by.

Or would it tell a different story? Would it say: When you walked along this road, your heart was full of hope, and now, like curdled milk, it is full of hatred. You wished to teach the young boys the secrets of pen and book, but now they must carry gun and panga.

He would have to reply: That also is so and cannot be changed. I save my people, for I am bound by my oaths as the tree is bound by its roots. I am bound and committed. I must go forward on the path of bloodshed and never can I turn back.

At Sunguru, the lorry's journey ended and Gitau climbed out, intending to proceed to the house of a half-brother who lived some miles away. Nevertheless, it was now midday, it was hot and he was thirsty, and he had a feeling that nothing would go wrong with him today. He decided to pay a call on Matthew's wife, who was, after all, his cousin, and could easily be frightened out of giving him away.

MARTHA was sitting in a deckchair, the baby asleep in a cot beside her. She herself was half-awake and half-dozing, and thinking of nothing in particular. She heard a step on the veranda, but did not stir. Matthew? No: some visitor. She half-opened her eyes.

A man stood before her whom she didn't recognize, a thin man in a shirt and pullover and drill trousers, with a felt hat at a jaunty angle on his head. Opening both eyes, she sat up and put a hand out to grip the cot's edge, saying sharply: "What do you want, stranger?"

"Stranger! That's a fine way to speak to the son of your mother's brother's wife! Don't you know me, then, sister?"

Martha withdrew her hand from the cot. "I did not expect to see you here. I heard you had gone to Nairobi."

"Nairobi is as comfortable just now as a nest of scorpions. Don't tell me that your husband is asleep on the bed."

"No, he has gone away on the business of the government."

"That is splendid. My business and that of

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Oliver Messel builds a world of fantasy

by JOHN HARMAN

Applause for his lavish settings often stops the show. Theatres pay him top fees—and then he forgets to cash the cheques

AT GLYNDEBOURNE opera house in Sussex one evening recently, the first scene of *The Barber Of Seville* was over, and the moment had come for the setting, a colourful street scene, to be changed to the interior of a house. Usually, the curtain is lowered while the change takes place, but on this occasion—with settings designed by Oliver Messel—the performance continued without a break.

The walls of a house which stood cornerwise in the middle of the stage suddenly swung open like huge doors. The interior, an elegantly furnished room leading on to a courtyard, was revealed behind them.

"It happened so quickly that the audience was taken by surprise," says Moran Caplat, the general manager of Glyndebourne. "Afterwards, many of them came backstage and asked to be shown how Messel had done it."

Dark-haired and slight, with an alert, smiling manner which helps to make him seem younger than his fifty years, Messel has a flair for adding ingenious touches to original designs. His transformation scene in *The Sleeping Beauty*, when a forest turns into a vast palace, regularly delights ballet-goers at Covent Garden.

Messel's tricks of stagecraft, plus his rich, distinctive settings, which often stop shows with applause before they start, have established him as one of the world's leading scenic artists. Theatre managements compete for his services, frequently without success.

He asks £3,000 or more for sketching scenery and costumes for a big production, but although he likes, as a matter of principle, to charge higher fees than rival designers—"It's a vanity of mine," he told one producer—as soon as the contract has been settled he forgets all motives of profit.

Disliked Shabby Head-dress

In 1949, when *The Sleeping Beauty* had been running for some time and Sadler's Wells decided to take it on a tour of the United States, Messel renewed the cast's head-dresses at his own expense.

"He thought they looked shabby," says a friend. "The job cost him about £100, but he wanted his work to be seen at its best."

Once, a caller at his studio found a pile of uncashed cheques worth £2,000, and this casual attitude towards money is matched by a similar indifference to production schedules. When business colleagues imagine him to be busy at his drawing-board, he is merely idling. Charles Bravery, who makes most of Messel's scenery, says: "As the opening date of a show approaches, everyone gets desperate because no designs are ready. Then, a week before the deadline, Messel begins a frenzy of work."

Actress Tried To Alter Frill

Sustained by a diet of black coffee, he sketches day and night. To see how his ideas for scenery appear in three dimensions, he builds cardboard models on a scale of half an inch to a foot. "First, I cut out a model of one of the cast. By designing the set around it, I keep the scenery in the right proportions."

He does not allow any alteration to his designs. A leading lady who retired furtively to her room and rearranged a frill on her costume was intercepted by Messel as she went back on the stage. With elaborate courtesy, but considerable firmness, he restored the frill to its original shape. This insistence on detail is apt to make him a centre of controversy, and producers have been thankful when he is absent from rehearsals.

Messel gets his own way by a process of

Messel talks to a member of the company on a set he created for Glyndebourne. He is paid £3,000 for his designs for a big production

Waiters prepare the dining-room of a Dorchester Hotel suite which Messel decorated regardless of cost. During the war, he served as a captain in a camouflage unit

Messel could be a famous painter, but he prefers his theatre work. His portrait of Brenda Bruce was used in a stage set

wearing down his opposition. When the late Sir Charles Cochran asked him to design *Helen!*, an English version of Offenbach's operetta, *La Belle Hélène,* Messel demanded £2,000. "A fee of that size was unheard of in those days," he says. "I was hardly surprised when Cochran wired: THE WHOLE DEAL'S OFF."

Convinced that his designs were worth the money, Messel went to see Cochran. Pretending not to have received the telegram, he burst into the showman's office with models of sets which he had already completed. Cochran, thinking that the telegram had been delayed, decided to humour Messel by examining the models. After one look at them, he accepted Messel's terms.

Helen's bedroom, designed in white, set a fashion for draped stage scenery in the 1930s, and her bathroom, a fantastic grotto with a shell-shaped bath, was reproduced in the homes of millionaires.

Begins Gala In Church Crypt

As one of his diversions from stage and film designing, he decorates the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden for gala performances.

In order not to interfere with the opera house's normal routine, the erection of his decorations, involving miles of silk and organdie, can begin only when the show on the night preceding the gala has finished. The massive forty-five foot wide "picture-frame" of flags, emblems and tasselled draperies which he devises for the front of the royal box has to be prefabricated in the crypt of a nearby church and taken to the theatre in sections.

A few months ago, his specifications for the gala in honour of the King of Sweden included three thousand roses for hanging round the royal box, sprays of eucalyptus—found, after an anxious search, in a garden in Hampshire—and boxes of magnolia leaves which were specially sent from Italy.

"The leaves," he explained, "are to be mounted on wire frames. Sprayed with blue paint, they will look like wood carvings."

The Queen Mother, intrigued by the blue canvas oak trees, priceless furniture and carpets which Messel also installed for the gala, returned to Covent Garden on the following morning for a private inspection.

Messel's loyalty to the theatre is evident in most of his work. Commissioned to design an outdoor ballroom for a society function in Mayfair, he turned the windows at the back of a house into "theatre boxes." The tubular steel ballroom which they overlooked was forty feet high and took eleven days to erect. It was lined inside and out with branches of cupressus, sprayed a delicate blue to give the effect of moonlight. The ceiling, made of the same kind of gauze which Messel uses for transformation scenes on the stage, was a deeper shade of blue. White plaster doves were suspended above it.

Since work of this nature is destined, after a single night's display, for the dustbin, Messel welcomes chances for more durable forms of artistic expression. When the Dorchester Hotel, in Park Lane, London, invited him to decorate two suites of rooms, regardless of cost, he cheerfully ordered carpets and curtains to be woven to his own designs. In the dining-room of a banqueting suite, he lined the walls with mirrors and laced them with blue and gold branches hung with birdcages. The fireplace was built in the style of an altar to Bacchus.

For the private living-rooms on the floor below, which are known as the Oliver Messel Suite and cost twenty-five guineas a day to rent, he designed gold-plated door handles in the shapes of birds, and concealed electric heaters in Grecian urns.

Messel reached the top of his profession at an early age with very little effort. His father, a wealthy stockbroker, wanted him to go to Oxford, but instead Messel took up art at the Slade School, London.

"Mainly for the fun of trying on different faces, I made papier mâché masks out of boiled paper, pressed into wax moulds," he says.

Producer Snatched Off Wig

In 1926, masks made by Messel for a Cochran revue startled the theatre critics. Two years later, in another Cochran production, *This Year Of Grace,* Messel's dead-pan masks for the song "Dance, Dance, Dance, Little Lady" won him recognition as a designer.

He soon acquired a reputation for unconventional costumes and scenery. Lady Cochran recalls: "One of his costumes was made of rubber sheeting, painted white to resemble porcelain. Tilly Losch wore it, standing on a red bamboo bridge against a misty sky."

During the filming of *Caesar And Cleopatra,* the producer, Gabriel Pascal, took a dislike to a long black wig which Messel had designed for Jean Simmons. Pascal strode on to the set, snatched off the wig, grabbed wigs worn by other girls in the scene, and tried them on Miss Simmons.

"Messel, green with exhaustion after an all-night designing session, watched horrified," says Marjorie Deans, who was Pascal's personal assistant. "He ran along behind Pascal, pleading with him to put the wigs back. When arguments failed, he announced that he was walking out of the production." Gathering up some ornate fans which he had loaned for the film, he marched off the set. After Vivien Leigh, who played Cleopatra, threatened to leave if Messel left, Pascal gave way. Jean Simmons played the scene in the black wig.

Collectors Hide His Sketches

In 1932, an art critic who saw Messel's work in oils prophesied: "Oliver will be a great portrait painter when he chucks the theatre." Messel, though, has no intention of forsaking a career which permits him flights of fancy.

During the war, as a captain in charge of a camouflage unit, he was billeted in an eighteenth-century house in Norwich. Finding that the house, which was of great architectural value, was suffering from years of neglect, Messel restored the original decorations. "It was probably the only building in Britain which was improved by army occupation."

Messel's pen-and-wash sketches are prized by art collectors. "People hide them under cushions in the hope that he will forget them and leave them behind, but he rarely does," says a friend. "When he has created something, he is reluctant to part with it."

In the large house in Kensington, where he lives, his model stage sets are mounted on the walls like aquariums. The upstairs rooms are cluttered with fabric samples, drawings, half-finished portraits, masks and artificial foliage which he has made for various productions.

At rehearsals, Messel astonishes property-room staff by quickly fashioning head-dresses out of pipe cleaners, or creating jewellery from coloured glass fastened to wire gauze by strips of gold and silver metal. On one occasion, however, his props were appreciated for a reason other than beauty.

For scenes in *Caesar And Cleopatra,* which were filmed in Egypt, he made a large number of papier mâché shields. "I glazed them with fish glue, which the Egyptian extras found extremely appetizing. Three hundred shields were eaten in a week." THE END

2.

devastating, man-of-the-world charm of his. I try to keep my equilibrium but find it pretty difficult! I only hope I don't betray too clearly what a crazy feeling of excitement I get every time we meet. But I'm hoping that the heavenly box of Black Magic chocolates that he sent the other day – how I dote on those delicious centres may mean.

MADE BY ROWNTREES

THE REST OF THE STORY

There are two reasons why Black Magic chocolates are worth writing home about. First, those really *luscious* centres. And then, however much you pay, you won't find *better* chocolates than Black Magic. This is because Rowntrees put all the value into the chocolates themselves, packing them simply, but elegantly, in a smart black box.

A figure appeared suddenly below. Old Nathaniel watched in silence. The man ran lightly across the moonlit yard towards the metal monster

THE CORN HARVEST

by CLEDWYN HUGHES

It was a time the old man loved and treasured; this monster would destroy it all. And then a wicked thought occurred to him . . .

FOR OLD NATHANIEL DAVIES, the corn harvest had always been the peak of the year. The weeks in late August and early September when the wheat and the oats and the barley were being gathered in were, to him, the most wonderful time between the snows of January and the merriment of Christmas.

His birthday was in the first week of September; he loved to tell the story of how he had been born with only the light of the moon coming into his mother's bedroom. She had been something of a character and had believed only in the goodness of natural and green things.

Nathaniel, now in his seventies, had inherited something of her fondness for the old and true objects. He preferred brawn made at home on Penybryn Farm to any sausages or black puddings bought in the market town. He persuaded his wife to use sand on the kitchen floor, as a natural polish on the old, blue, slate flags. He preferred to sweeten his tea with honey from the hives in the walled garden behind the farmhouse, rather than use white sugar from a blue packet.

He had never been to a cinema or to a theatre, but his little diary had recorded in it every wonderful sunset of the last forty years. He had never sat on a gilt chair admiring paintings in a gallery, but he would walk three miles at seventy-six to see the rise of a field of stooked wheat against the red of an evening sky.

The sight of corn in all its times gave him a calm pleasure. In the early summer, he would lean over a gate, staring at the new growth. When it had reached its full height, he would walk about the hedges, marvelling at the way the yellow colour thickened each day. And when the corn had been cut by the self-binder, he insisted, even in his old age, on helping his two sons to stook the wheat into those pillared heaps which gave to an ordinary field some of the dignity of a cathedral.

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

The Davies family at Penybryn were a happy quartet. Mrs. Davies was much younger than Nathaniel; a grey-haired tranquil woman in her fifties. The two boys, Joseph and Jacob, were in their twenties and were active and energetic. It was inevitable that they had to be caught up in the new mechanization policies which came to the countryside with the war, and which afterwards became more and more important.

Against his wishes, the lads persuaded their father to sell the horses and buy a tractor; to install milking machines and apply for a T.T. licence; to get the grass dried at the oil-fired plant in the next parish instead of making the usual hay with wind and sun.

All these modern ideas Nathaniel Davies loathfully accepted, for he loved very dearly his two boys and his wife. And there was no doubting but that the systems the lads put into

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Dai Rees drives himself to a golfing fortune

by FRANKLIN RUSSELL

Relentless and determined, his Welsh fighting spirit has earned him the name "Never Say Dai." And the chances he takes to win have paid off—in thousands

SHORTLY BEFORE THE BEGINNING of the 1953 golf tournament season, a tough Welsh golfer, Dai Rees, was struck by agonizing pains across the shoulders. The pains were so severe that he could not even raise a golf club, much less hit a ball. With the lucrative competition season ahead, Rees began a course of exercises and massage.

"I barely had time to get well before the season began," he says. Rees has always kept himself fighting fit and the disability scared him. It could have wrecked his career. "But," says a friend, "it was typical of Rees that he fought those pains with the same spirit that's taken him to the top of championship golf."

David James Rees, now forty-one and known to newspaper writers as "Never Say Dai," is determined to remain one of the top British golfers for as long as his physical endurance lasts. His gruelling tournament circuits, in which he sometimes loses five pounds, keep him fit. In winter, he maintains his condition by doing track and ball work with the Arsenal Football Club, of which he is a member. He does not normally drink or smoke, but recently, in an effort to acquire extra stamina, he began drinking a midday glass of stout on days when he had to play rounds in the morning and afternoon.

In more than twenty years of active professional golfing, Rees has won thousands of pounds and nearly every worthwhile British trophy. Like few other golfers, his determined playing has caught public imagination. In a recent match with Gene Sarazen, an ageing American champion, Rees was approached by a dozen autograph hunters.

"It was ironic," says a professional who was watching the game. "The autograph hunters ignored Sarazen, probably one of the six greatest golfers ever born."

Apart from his natural golfing ability, Rees wins tournaments with a mixture of cocky determination, nervelessness and concentration. "He has a unique ability to blame his failures on everything but himself," says a friend. Rees is not modest, but he discounts stories about his determination. "Any Welshman worth his salt should be willing to roll up his sleeves and have a go."

His concentration under all conditions has become legendary. "While he was lining up one crucial putt recently," a fellow professional says, "four people sneezed, a woman dropped her umbrella and an aircraft flew overhead. But he sank the putt."

Rees has a durable ability. He has won the *News Of The World* Tournament—recognized since 1946 as the Professional Match Play Championship—four times; the first time in 1936, when he was twenty-three, and the last in 1950. "He looked as good then as when he first won it," says a friend.

A Fault Persisted For Months

In reaching top-class professional golf status, Rees has experienced most golf troubles. For several disastrous months before the war, he kept "socketing" his shots. This meant that he was hitting the ball at a tangent. He worked doggedly to beat the fault.

"Today," says Peter Allis, a member of Britain's Ryder Cup team last year, "his driving is so accurate that I've seen him on the practice course driving ball after ball at a caddy, and making him jump out of the way each time."

Top-class golf produces much friction among players and organizers, but Rees is generally well liked. "When Dai made his last overseas trip," says George Gibson, managing director of the Professional Golfers' Co-operative Association, "we got many reports from clubs that he was the finest ambassador we'd ever sent abroad. He's naturally generous."

Rees is normally a serious man. But when he cracks a joke, he explodes into sudden gusty laughter which can be heard throughout a clubhouse lounge. His humour is typical of the brittle atmosphere of professional golf, in which many jokes are half-seriously intended to undermine the other fellow's morale.

He was walking past a practice tee recently at the Royal Birkdale course at Southport when a professional, at practice, shouted to him: "Come and see how it's done, Dai." From his position twenty yards to the other golfer's left, Rees shouted back: "All right, but am I safe here?"

Chance Shot Landed Near Hole

When Rees began golfing, rewards were poor for professionals. To get into the prize money, he often had to take risks. Today, his willingness to take a chance often pays.

In the final round of the 1953 Daks Tournament, Rees faded a long drive into the rough from the eighteenth tee. He was then 240 yards from the green. His caddy, Fred Nash, handed him a number two iron, but Rees pulled a number four wood out of the bag.

"A normal golfer would have used an iron," says Nash, "because a wooden club is usually reserved for a ball that is comparatively easy to play. But Dai blasted that ball out of the rough a full two hundred yards. It bounced up the green and rolled six feet past the flag. He sank the putt and won the tournament."

Golfers envy Rees for his lack of nerves. In the final round of one *News of the World* tournament, Rees and Henry Cotton were battling for top place. With four holes to play, Rees was three up, but he lost the fifteenth and sixteenth. He then halved the seventeenth, and Cotton had to win the eighteenth for a play-off.

Nash recalls: "Cotton was left with a reasonable putt to win the hole. It was a beautiful putt, straight for the hole. I was sweating while the ball trickled across the green. But Dai never turned a hair. And the putt stopped on the lip of the cup."

George Gibson says that Rees's nickname, "Never Say Dai," is one of the most apt ever given to a player. Max Faulkner, an ebullient and unpredictable player, agrees that Rees is a difficult competitor. "He's the most aggressive player in the business," Faulkner says, "and one of the hardest to play against."

During one tournament, when playing against Faulkner, Rees played two bad shots successively on the last hole. Faulkner, expecting him to be worried, was surprised when he went on talking affably as they walked forward together to where their shots lay. "As he approached the green," says Faulkner, "he drove into a bunker. All I had to do was to put my ball straight up the fairway to find the green. But I kept thinking about his lack of

Rees snatches a rare moment with his children, Jennifer (left) and Gillian. He sees little of his family and home during the summer season

Rees in action during the Spalding Tournament this year. In his final round, £400 depended on every stroke. He played perfect golf—and won

With Dai and Mrs. Rees looking on, the children admire their father's golf trophies. Rees's winnings have totalled many thousands of pounds

concern and drove straight into the bunker, beside his ball."

But when Rees becomes sufficiently angry with himself, he believes in getting rid of his inhibitions. He talks quietly to himself as he plays. After a bad shot, he often says, "You're a clot, a stupid clot." He has publicly thrown away a number of clubs.

"Such displays of temperament," says a colleague, "help rather than hinder his game. He gets his worries out of his system and is then ready to make a perfect job of his next shot."

When Rees's golf is going well, he is cocky and talkative. He plays his shots quickly and bounces up the fairway with his rapid, short-paced walk. "When I see him about to talk during matches," says Max Faulkner, "I wander off into the rough. He upsets my concentration."

Many professional golfers use various tricks to upset the concentration of competing players. "Some golfers think that such tricks are a legitimate adjunct to tournament play," says one Scottish professional. Rees does not do this intentionally, but his talkativeness, coupled with his powers of concentration, are upsetting to many other golfers.

"In addition to being talkative," says a colleague, "he is so keen to get on with the game that you're sometimes treated to the disconcerting sight of Rees up ahead of you, and practising putts on the green, while you're still shaping up for your approach shot."

Ever since Rees can remember, he has wanted to win the British Open Golf Championship. He first qualified in 1936 and has qualified against world competition nearly every year since: but he has never won. He tied for second place this year and last.

Under the tuition of his father, a club professional at Barry, Rees began golfing when he was five. He played first with a toy club. For years, he had only three clubs—a driver, a jigger (about a number four iron) and a putter. He had no bag and carried the three clubs in one hand. By 1928, when he was fifteen, he had come so far that his father gave him a fully matched set of steel-shafted clubs.

Kick Knocked Him Unconscious

But for an accident when he was fourteen, Rees might have become a professional footballer. While playing at left-half for his school, he fell on another player's boot as he kicked. The blow knocked him out for some hours.

When he regained consciousness, his father said: "Right, Dai, it's golf for you from now on." Rees didn't argue, and went on to lower his handicap at golf to two, easily beating most of the local club members.

He was working as an assistant professional at golf clubs before he was twenty, and his arrival in big-time golf was not sudden or spectacular. His youthful talent was so good that the golfing world expected him to become a champion quickly. But when he tackled the Assistants' Championship in 1933, he lost by a wide margin. He lost again in 1934.

A big factor in Rees's success is his ability to analyse his faults coldly. He realized he was underclubbing (hitting approach shots too short), corrected the error, and in 1935 went on to win the championship easily. He won it again in the following year.

Rees is now the professional at South Herts Golf Club, Totteridge. He lives near the club with his wife and two daughters, but sees little of them, or of the club, during the summer. Apart from golf, Rees likes football, fast cars and finely grown grass. He drives a 100-m.p.h. sports saloon and keeps the lawn round his home as immaculate as a billiard table.

He feels he might have made a better golfer if he had sometimes suffered from nerves. "But the real secret of Dai's success," says a close friend, "is his profound Celtic fatalism towards the game of golf."

After a recent practice round, Rees was talking to some friends at the Worthing Golf Club, Sussex. "I believe," he told them, "that a man's future is already written up in a big book. If a golfer is meant to lose a tournament and he sinks what appears to be the winning putt, the ball would jump right out of the hole in front of his eyes."

However, although not pushed to greater efforts by nervous impulse, Rees has rarely lacked the ability to play brilliant golf when in trouble. In the last round of the Spalding Tournament this year, the Scottish professional, Eric Brown, unexpectedly unleashed a terrific sixty-four. Rees still had nine holes to play, and by the time he reached the seventeenth hole, he had to play perfect golf to have a chance to win.

With £400 hanging on every stroke, he came home in a finish that eclipsed Brown's figures by two clear strokes. THE END

Amelia flourished the watch. "Don Fernando gave it to me," she said with pleasure. Knowing Don Fernando, Tio was pretty sure it had been smuggled

Tio the innocent

by **BURNHAM CARTER**

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

With his police record, he'd get ten years at least. Amelia would be heartbroken, the café ruined.... And he was innocent—*innocent!*

ALTHOUGH THE CAFÉ MOSCA in Havana enjoyed an unusually loyal clientele, there were changes in it from time to time as the irregular activities of the patrons led them afield, or as the police made it difficult—and sometimes impossible—for this or that one to attend.

One of these occasionals was a swarthy, sharp-faced Cuban known as Don Fernando, who owned and operated a small freighter plying the Caribbean Sea. Don Fernando was not the classic sea captain of marine legend. He was oily, rather than blunt; discreet, rather than courageous. He would under no circumstances "go down with his ship." In fact, his previous ship had gone down without him—but with three seamen—under circumstances so peculiar that the insurance company had contested his claim for compensation.

However, or perhaps therefore, Don Fernando was a man of substance who wore silk shirts on shore and rented each time a different apartment, usually with a different and attractive housekeeper. He liked to flash a large bank roll, and its size could not be explained in terms of the innocent-seeming cargoes of hemp, sponges, sugar, mahogany, tin and miscellaneous products which his ship carried.

To Tio Martinez, the slender and urbane proprietor of the café, it was clear that Don Fernando's latest cargo must have included an undeclared item of Swiss watches. This was a mere deduction on Tio's part: he returned one night from a poker game to find his wife, Amelia, wearing one. Amelia was sitting in bed in their rooms above the closed café, looking pink, plump and pretty, and flourishing the watch with a pleased expression on her face.

"Don Fernando gave it to me," she said. "At least, I'm to wear it, and see how I like it."

"How generous of him!" Tio said with reserve. "I suppose you were able to help him with some problem."

"No. He likes me. He picked it up somewhere on his travels."

"Oh."

"I wish it had a gold band instead of this black ribbon."

"Give him time."

She ignored his sarcasm.

"He has rented an apartment here, Tio, and he wants us to visit it. He has something to show us. But I said we couldn't both leave the restaurant at the same time."

"So then he asked if you couldn't come alone?" Tio said.

"Yes. How did you know?" Amelia's black eyes were wide and lamblike—a little too much so. Tio's hand descended sharply to an exposed flank.

"Eek!" Amelia squealed. She giggled. "Well, anyway, I got the watch without going there."

Tio was about to point out that the watch had probably been smuggled; but in that event, Amelia, who had a strong preference for legality, might return it; and he would be under a moral

It was one of the first skills he had acquired; Tio was glad of it now. He inserted the wire, heard the lock click

obligation to replace it, which seemed uneconomic. He slid into bed beside her, burying the problem in the accommodating softness of her shoulder.

The next day, Don Fernando appeared through the open front of the café, accompanied by a monkey—from Bolivia, he said, of a species known as "Woolly"—soft, grey-brown fur and a remarkably human face and hands. He hung his straw hat and brown linen jacket on the wall hook, displaying a green silk shirt with pink ruffled armbands.

CROSSING the room, Tio joined him at one of the marble-topped tables, and the monkey, introduced as Bibi, sat in a chair beside them, nibbling a roll.

"Perhaps your charming wife would be interested in seeing him," Don Fernando suggested.

"She has just left for the central market."

"Ah!" Fernando's voice was regretful. "Well, in that case, perhaps we can discuss a matter of business. Sometimes I wonder if keeping a restaurant is sufficient for a man of your vision."

"It is a small but honest livelihood," Tio said.

"Yes, that's what I mean. I travel much, as you know, and run into interesting possibilities. I could use an agent here—especially one with a regular business such as yours."

"Yours, I take it, is a little irregular?"

"Well, there are different ways of looking at these things," Don Fernando replied. "It fills a need. And the profits are—well, impressive."

"It is always pleasant to buy things for one's wife," Tio admitted.

"It is even pleasanter to buy things for someone else's wife," Don Fernando replied with a laugh. The laughter died suddenly under Tio's cold eyes. Don Fernando, who had many women on his gift list, had momentarily forgotten Amelia's watch.

He continued hastily: "This business that I speak of is experimental. We can discuss it in detail at some other time. I shall be in Havana for a month or so, at Number 9a on the Street of Virtues." He turned to Bibi, who had finished his roll and was inspecting his toes: "It is time to go. Let us show the señor how clever you are. Bring me my wallet."

Bibi sprang instantly to the tile floor, leaped on a chair next to the wall where Don Fernando's jacket was hung, extracted the wallet and returned it to his master. Even the patrons of the Mosca stopped talking. Those that had coats hanging on chairs or hooks kept an eye on them.

"He should have a future," Tio commented admiringly.

"And now, my hat," Fernando commanded.

BIBI repeated the performance. Don Fernando got his own coat, since the monkey could not fetch it without dragging it on the floor. Bibi sprang to his shoulder, and the two departed in a satisfying spotlight of attention.

When Amelia returned, the watch gleaming on her wrist, Tio told her about the performance.

"You see, Don Fernando really did have something to show us," Amelia said. "Did he say anything about his box?"

"What box?"

"The box he left here."

"Box of what?"

"What box—box of what?" Amelia repeated. "You say I ask many questions, but what of you? He left a box here—I do not know of what. I gave him permission."

"Well, how long are we supposed to keep it?" Tio demanded, suspicious of Don Fernando's unexplained deposit.

"Somebody will call for it soon. I am to give it to the man who presents my receipt."

"Oh, you gave Don Fernando a receipt."

"Yes, I gave him a receipt. Also, the sun was shining and I was wearing a dark green dress, and now it's nearly noon, and the luncheon crowd is arriving. Excuse me." Amelia swept by him with a coquettish swish of her hips.

It was some time before Tio could leave the bar, putting Pepe, Amelia's dim-witted but warm-hearted brother, in charge. He went to the kitchen, where Amelia was supervising the cook.

"Where is the box?" Tio asked.

"What box?" She stared at him and then

Continued on page 26

Jack Green paves the way for the stars

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

To make sure the show goes on, he provides anything from police escorts to fish and chips. He faced a new crisis on the night someone stole the pianist's clothes

Tour manager Green (right) watches Johnny and Suma Lamonte, a brother and sister juggling act, as they loosen up backstage

At a Scarborough theatre, Green jokes with comedian Norman Evans. Recently, Green did a tour of thirty-nine towns in seven weeks

AS JOHNNIE RAY, the American singer, took his final bow in Sheffield's City Hall one evening last April, 2,500 fans in the auditorium and 450 more on the long, narrow platform cheered and applauded. When Ray turned to walk the twenty yards from the microphone to the exit, about a score of excited girls with autograph books surrounded him.

From the exit, Ray's tour manager, Jack Green, watched anxiously. When Ray disappeared in the scrum, Green began to fight his way across the platform, and saw him crawling on all fours towards the edge of the stage. Then Ray went limp, and a man stepped forward from the front row just in time to stop him from falling over the edge.

At a signal from Green, orchestra leader Johnny Dankworth struck up the national anthem. Everyone came to attention while Green and a steward picked up Ray and carried him off the stage.

Fans had pulled Ray's bow tie so tight around his neck that he had lost consciousness. Green loosened the tie and assisted Ray to his hotel.

As tour manager for Harold Fielding, the concert promoter, forty-five year old Jack Green is familiar with theatres and halls throughout the country. In seven weeks recently, he organized and attended forty-nine concerts in thirty-nine different towns. He arranged transport and accommodation for the artists, supervised every performance, and each evening reported the attendance figures to his employer.

"Jack is the man who smoothes things out for me," says Fielding, who has a reputation as a temperamental manager. "There are times when the concert would not go on if I were in charge. But Jack soothes everyone, and sees that it does."

In Blackpool, Fielding once became embroiled with Eddie Dukoff, Danny Kaye's manager. Kaye's party demanded fourteen sleeping-car reservations at short notice. Fielding retorted that this was impossible. Dukoff threatened to cut the length of the evening performance if the sleepers were not provided.

Then Green took over. He found fourteen sleepers on a train from Liverpool to London, hired cars to take Kaye and company from Blackpool to Liverpool, and made sure that not a minute was cut from Kaye's performance.

Green also looks after last-minute publicity. After the Johnnie Ray incident at Sheffield, he phoned the national newspapers to tell them what had happened.

Ray was booked to sing in Leicester on the following night and in Bournemouth the night after that. Advance sales at Bournemouth had not been brisk, so Green suggested that, as a publicity stunt, Ray should send a telegram to a Bournemouth newspaper, threatening to cancel his appearance unless special arrangements were made for his safety.

The next day, when he arrived in Leicester, Green was surprised to find that the police there seriously thought Ray needed a bodyguard.

"We don't want a repetition of what happened in Sheffield," said a police superintendent. "Can you suggest any way we can help?"

Green asked for nine of Leicester's sturdiest constables. At the end of the performance, the policemen strode on stage and surrounded Ray. To his surprise and to the consternation of his fans, he was marched off to the safety of his dressing-room.

Ray had the last word. At the end of the tour—in which publicity about Sheffield and Leicester helped to sell more tickets—he gave Green a signed photograph. On it he wrote, "I never have any fun when you are around."

She Sang From Top Of A Ladder

Gracie Fields is another star whose fans have given Green anxious moments. He and Gracie arrived in York one day to find the station filled with people waiting to welcome her. The crowd was so dense that the stationmaster had to put the platform-ticket machines out of action. Gracie and Green climbed a ladder to avoid the crush, but the crowd would not disperse until Gracie sang to them from her perch.

Whenever possible, Green notifies public officials in advance of a celebrity's arrival. As soon as an artist is engaged for a series of concerts, the tour manager is called in to plan the itinerary. Danny Kaye's last tour of the country was mapped out to include famous golf clubs along the route. His concerts and overnight stops were arranged so that he could play on a different course each morning.

Bob Hope, another golf enthusiast, frequently disappears at nine in the morning to play and does not return until ten minutes before the show begins.

When planning travel, Green takes into account the artist's preferences. On her first visit to this country, Yma Sumac, the Peruvian singer, said that her religion as a sun worshipper forbade her to fly. (Two years later she flew the Atlantic for a series of concerts.)

Gracie Fields prefers not to fly. Green once went by air from Dublin to Bristol while Gracie made her way by train and boat. To relieve her of luggage worries, he took her fourteen pieces with him.

Two or three coaches are sometimes needed to transport artists and equipment. Travelling with Mantovani's orchestra by coach in bad weather last winter, Green carried railway timetables and enough money to buy railway tickets for each of the forty musicians—so that if the roads

A farewell word to the dancing Tiller Girls after a rehearsal. "Sometimes," says Green, "one artist can be more of a handful than a whole troupe"

became ice bound, he could switch his party to a train and avoid missing an engagement.

On arriving in a town for a concert, Green introduces the artist to the local press and, if possible, to the mayor. He then goes to the hall and inspects arrangements for the concert. If the performer is a woman, Green notes the details of her costume so that he can make sure that the stage setting will not clash with it.

In Dundee, Green once discovered that none of the two thousand seats had been set up in Caird Hall and there was no one but a caretaker in the building. He went out and hired the first four men he met to erect seats for the evening performance.

Green was the first house manager of London's Festival Hall. During his thirty years in show business he has worked at Blackpool Tower and as entertainments manager for Folkestone and, later, for Margate.

£600 Yearly Spent On Bouquets

For Labour Party conferences at Margate, Green learned how to have a hall ready for delegates at 8.30 a.m. and then, after they left at 6 p.m., to prepare for a dance. This involved taking out two thousand seats, rolling up carpets and erecting a band stage. Then between 2 a.m. and 8 a.m. his staff would put back the chairs, carpets and platform for the conference.

Before a concert, Green makes sure that there are flowers and someone to present them. Fielding spends £600 a year on bouquets for women artists. Jeanette MacDonald gave him a list of flowers suitable for her. Certain others, she explained, brought on her hay fever.

Green's instructions are to perform any little service that will please an artist. For Gigli, the Italian singer, he always ensures that a stock of Vichy water is available in his dressing-room. Gigli's coat, hat and scarf must be held ready for him at the exit before the concert ends: he is usually out of the hall before the first member of the audience.

For artists who are slower in getting away, Green sometimes arranges elaborate subterfuges to allow them to escape autograph-hunters. For the American singer Guy Mitchell, Green frequently ordered a large and impressive car, and parked it at the stage door as a decoy. Mitchell and Green would then go out of another door and drive off in a taxi.

Speed is often necessary after a concert if the artist has to catch a train. When Danny Kaye wanted to return to London after a show in Sheffield, Green ordered fast cars to take the party fifty-two miles to York, where they could board a train with sleeping cars. At the same time, he asked British Railways if they would stop an express at Doncaster for the comedian. Kaye had made such an impact on tour—Blackpool built four completely equipped brick dressing-rooms specially for him—that railway officials agreed. Instead of having a long drive to York after his concert, Kaye made the comparatively short run of eighteen miles to Doncaster and boarded the express.

More often, after a show the performers return to a hotel, where Green arranges a late supper. If it is the artist's first visit to Britain, Green expects to be asked at least once to provide fish and chips.

One night after a concert in Scotland, Green sat up late at the supper table with Rawicz and Landauer, the pianists. A few minutes after they had gone to bed, Landauer telephoned him. His suit was missing and he thought that Green had hidden it as a practical joke. When Green investigated, he discovered that a burglar had raided the hotel. Landauer was left with only the full evening dress he had worn for the concert. The next morning he insisted on walking down the main street of the town in his formal clothes, looking for a shop where he could buy a pair of flannels.

Green's worst crisis as a tour manager occurred last year during the visit of eight-year-old Gianella de Marco, who came to conduct the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Because of the law which rules that children must not receive a fee for appearing in shows arranged for private profit, her concerts were staged for charity. She offered to appear in return for expenses, including fares to and from Rome, and a suite for herself, her mother and father, and a business manager, Baroness Elinor de Angeli.

Gianella won over sceptics in the orchestra, and her only show of temperament came when she wanted to take her doll and pram on tour. To Green's relief, she finally agreed on a compromise: the pram stayed in London while the doll went with her.

A final Albert Hall concert was arranged for Gianella two days before she was due to leave for Rome. Less than two hours before the performance, her father, Lido de Marco, telephoned Green and demanded immediate delivery of the party's railway tickets.

Although he considered the request unreasonable, Green decided to calm him. He delivered the tickets to de Marco in his hotel at 7 p.m.

"We have had some additional expenses," de Marco said. "I need £100 immediately."

Father Wanted Money At Once

Green explained patiently that while the party's expenses would be paid in full, he did not carry that much money and it would be difficult to obtain such a sum at short notice.

"If I do not get £100 right away," said the father, "Gianella does not appear tonight."

For the first time, Green abandoned his policy of smoothing things over before a concert and arguing after.

"Doctor de Marco," he said, "I am going to the Albert Hall. If Gianella is not there by seven thirty, I shall go on the stage and tell the audience what has happened. They will get their money back, and your daughter will never appear in this country again."

Surprised at his own audacity, Green slammed the door and went to the nearest telephone to call his employer. "You were perfectly right," Fielding told him. "Get over to the hall and see what happens."

At precisely 7.28, her brown corkscrew curls bobbing above an ermine wrap, Gianella appeared. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

THE GREAT STORM

Continued from page 11

in the loch itself, but the ship could not be seen from there either. The district officer alerted the Portpatrick lifeboat and told the wireless station to ask the Princess Victoria to indicate her position and say if she wished the lifeboat to stand by.

As for the tug which the Princess Victoria had requested, Spreadborough found that none was available.

A message came from the deputy secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution at Portpatrick, saying that he would assemble the lifeboat crew. The coastguards telephoned in search of more information about the ferry ship and to alert other watchers.

The district officer's duty was to get a true picture of what was happening out there behind the scum of sleet and spray, under those heavy black clouds, and to plan where help should be directed. The ship had not sent an S O S, and might be perfectly safe and unmanageable only because of the heavy seas. She was not far from port or land. The coastguards could only wait for further news.

Waves Battered Wreck

Many miles north of Portpatrick at that moment, a fellow coastguard, Tom Price, felt similarly helpless. For eight hours he and his life-saving team from Stornoway had been trying to rescue sixty-six men from the cargo ship Clan Macquarrie, stranded on the Island of Lewis.

Throughout the morning, the tide had risen incredibly, making it impossible now to reach the ship by rocket line. The rescuers were soaked and exhausted. Their hands were swollen and puffy from the cold, their legs numb to the knees, their faces sore and caked with mud, oil and sand.

Three hundred yards away, waves crashed ceaselessly over the lifeless cargo boat. Tom Price wondered how much longer she would last before breaking up.

Back at Portpatrick, no news came from the Princess Victoria for forty-five minutes after that first urgency call. Then, at 10.31, she suddenly signalled her call sign and "S O S—S O S—S O S."

Two minutes later she added: "Four miles N.W. of Corsewall. Car deck flooded. Heavy list to starboard. Require immediate assistance. Ship not under command."

William Ross, the Portpatrick wireless operator, immediately told all shipping, the coastguards, Lloyd's and the naval officer in charge of the area. From now on only distress calls could go on the air.

At the coastguard hut, Spreadborough called the lifeboat station again, alerted the local life-saving apparatus crew and informed the police. A message came from the navy's submarine depot ship anchored in Rothesay Bay, saying that the destroyer Contest was going to the aid of the Princess Victoria. She would arrive off the position given by the stricken ship at about 14.00 hours—2 p.m.

Awaited Help In Vain

Spreadborough bent over the chart, working out how the wind and tide would move a ship which appeared to be drifting helplessly four miles northwest of Corsewall. The time was then 10.45. At 11.5 the Jeannie Speirs, the Portpatrick lifeboat, came from the small inner harbour, and turned seaward to meet the huge waves. She rose buoyantly, then dived into the next wave and was clear.

She disappeared from the sight of those watching from the shore, heading up the coast towards Corsewall and the point where it was thought the ferry ship might run ashore. But in spite of the message " . . . Ship not under command . . . ." the Princess Victoria was not drifting. Both engines still turned, carrying the ship slowly away from the land. On the bridge Captain Ferguson waited for the tug which was never to arrive.

NEXT WEEK: The desperate search for the ship that wasn't there

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

WHEN Mr. Woking bought "The Poplars," the house had been empty for ten years. He moved in with his family, and after they had been there for some time, he suddenly decided to sell the place and go to live in Jersey.

Across the road lived Mrs. Lindfield who disliked the Wokings. Learning of their sudden decision to move, she remembered hearing rumours that "The Poplars" was haunted. Although she had no proof, she began to tell people about the strange noises which she said had been heard in the house during the years it was empty.

"'The Poplars' is haunted," she said, "that's why Woking is selling it so hastily."

The rumour spread, and Woking found it hard to get a buyer for the house; when he finally did so, he had to accept a much lower price than it was worth, because of the general belief that it was haunted.

In fact, "The Poplars" was a perfectly normal house, and when Woking traced the tales back to Mrs. Lindfield, he sued her for damages for "slander of title," claiming that she had made untrue and malicious statements about his property.

"This woman deliberately started a false rumour about my house," he told the judge. "Because of this, I lost nearly £1,000 when I sold it. She must pay me damages."

"I was only telling the truth," protested Mrs. Lindfield. "There were rumours, years ago, that the house was haunted, and I merely repeated what I had heard.

"There's nothing to stop me discussing these things with people; I have never slandered Mr. Woking personally, and there's no law against talking about a house."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 28

TIO THE INNOCENT

Continued from page 23

remembered. "*Madre Mia!* Do we still ask about the box? There in the storage closet."

Tio opened the door in the dark closet and switched on the light. The cockroaches, which not even Amelia's careful housekeeping could eliminate from such places, scuttled for their hide-outs. On the floor stood a solid wooden box, shaped like a small suitcase, with a hinged cover and handle. It was padlocked.

Closing the closet door, Tio proceeded to pick the padlock with a piece of wire—one of the first skills he had acquired in life.

After a few moments, there was a click. He lifted the lid.

The box was crammed with wristwatches of various styles, each wrapped in tissue paper. Tio examined one: it was an expensive and well-known Swiss model. He wound it, and the hands began their barely audible round.

There must be five hundred of them, Tio thought. Don Fernando had undoubtedly smuggled them into Havana and would sell them at a nice profit. In the meantime, he had cannily left them at the Mosca, a safer hiding place than his own apartment. This must be the business to which he had referred. Tio had once been a successful smuggler himself, but, since marriage, he had promised Amelia to concentrate on restaurant keeping.

Now, Amelia, by accepting custody of the box, had virtually forced him to consider the possibility of a profitable diversion. At least he should talk to the trader about it.

HE did not mention his discovery to Amelia, but planned to visit Fernando's house in the slack midafternoon. Before he could do so, Captain Raoul Molina, of the Cuban Secret Police, a professional acquaintance, loomed over the pile of pineapples at the bar. The captain was a suave, well-built man, generally considered handsome by women—an opinion with which the captain would be the last to disagree. His arrival had a momentarily disconcerting effect upon the table conversation at the Mosca. There was a lull, then a slightly forced resumption.

"It's a pleasure to see you, Tio," Molina declared.

"It's an honour for me, Captain."

This was a customary exchange, which did not reflect the true opinion of either party. The captain's eyes roved over the tables. "I recognize several faces," he said. "Your customers remain faithful."

"We try to make them feel at home," Tio said humbly.

"Yes, I know. I'm sure they do. But I remember one who is not here—the master of a freighter. His name is Don Fernando. Does he still come to the Mosca?"

There was something in the way Molina asked this question—an excessive casualness, perhaps—that led Tio to guess that the captain already knew the answer and was checking on Tio's honesty of reply.

He answered promptly: "Yes, he was here a day or so ago, just returned from a voyage."

The suddenly sharp look in Molina's face relaxed, and Tio knew he had answered wisely.

"You do not happen to know his address in Havana?"

Tio could safely lie about that one. "No. But doubtless he will return here."

"Doubtless. It's of minor consequence. There was a shipment of watches on his Customs declaration, and I merely wished to ask him to whom they were consigned."

"If he comes here, shall I tell him to get in touch with you?"

"No. It will not be necessary."

Tio was puzzled by this interview. If the watches were properly declared, why was Molina interested in them? And why had Don Fernando left them at the Mosca in so secretive a manner? A conversation with the trader seemed more imperative than ever.

After Molina had left, Tio waited a quarter of an hour, and then departed for Fernando's lodgings. He had strolled only a few hundred yards when a short, wiry man caught up with him. It was Yoyo Marino, a pickpocket of exceptional skill, who never forgot a detective's face. Although a friend, Yoyo did not pause or turn his head.

"You are being followed," he muttered, and swung down a side street.

TIO bought a newspaper at the corner and crossed over to sit on a bench in the Park of Brotherhood. This gave him a view down the street he had left.

He noticed the faces—that lottery-ticket vendor, perhaps, who seemed to be walking instead of merely hovering; or the man in the grey suit who had turned to light a cigarette in a doorway.

He could not be sure—there were many people; next time he would remember which ones he had seen. The Mosca was frequently watched, but it was some months since Tio himself had been trailed. Something was certainly wrong, and it must have to do with Don Fernando.

He recalled Molina's remark that it would not be necessary for Tio to tell Fernando to get in touch with the police; apparently the police were prepared to pick him up.

Tio scanned his newspaper with half a mind while the other half considered the problem, until a headline commanded his full attention:

U.N. COMMISSION REPORTS
BIG COCAINE SHIPMENTS
TRAFFIC BETWEEN BOLIVIA
AND CUBA SUSPECTED
BOTH COUNTRIES PROMISE INVESTIGATION

Tio felt a sudden chill. This report would have been received by the Cuban Government yesterday. Was it a mere coincidence that, on the day following, Captain Molina should take an interest in Don Fernando's trading operations? And could there be a connection here with the wrist-watches? To smuggle watches was a small affair, but to smuggle dope—that was a different and darker business.

Tio forced himself to turn the pages of the newspaper slowly, and then strolled home in a state of tension.

Inside the café, Pepe was having trouble with the coffee machine. "You stay away too long," he reproached Tio.

"Too long for what?" Tio replied

THE STORY OF TEA No. 5 (No. 6 will appear in the Sept. 25 issue) ★

Weighing the day's leaf (Southern India)

From plucking to processing...

AS SOON AS THE TEA PLUCKERS fill their baskets, the freshly gathered leaves are weighed and quickly removed to the nearby factory.

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Next, the leaves are spread out on tables to allow the natural process of fermentation which turns the tea to a bright coppery red. The tea is then fed to drying machines to be dried by hot air. This checks fermentation at the critical stage.

When the tea is completely dried it is sorted into various grades, the most familiar being Broken Orange Pekoe and Broken Orange Pekoe Fannings. These and other named grades are only descriptive of size and appearance and have no relation to quality of liquor.

* * *

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rudely, and passed into the kitchen.

"Tio," Amelia said, "I wish you would let me know when you are going out."

"Must I report every five minutes?"

"I merely ask to be told," she said crisply. "What a temper you have this afternoon!"

"The difficulties you get us into are enough to give any man a temper," he replied.

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Accepting custody of a box from a man of bad reputation!"

"Merciful heaven, that box!"

"Flirting with him like a schoolgirl."

"I did *not* flirt with him."

"No? Why else would he give you a valuable watch?"

"As I told you. I suppose it was because he liked me. Why not? Is that wrong? And if I waited for you to give me a watch, how long would it be before I got one? You are being silly."

Amelia walked away in apparent dudgeon, but secretly she was pleased: Tio was jealous!

Tio entered the storage closet and closed the door behind him. He picked the padlock of the box, lifted out the first layer of watches, took one from beneath and tried to wind it, but the stem turned loosely. He prised the back off with his penknife. There was no mechanism inside the watch: it was packed, instead, with a white crystalline powder.

Drug peddlers came to the Mosca, along with the rest. There were not many, and Tio avoided them, but he knew this was cocaine.

He tested the stems of a dozen watches at random and found them all similarly treated. Assume that 450 of them were packed with the powder—half an ounce each; that would be fourteen pounds of pure cocaine, which should retail, when diluted, at, say, 50,000 dollars a pound, or more than 700,000 dollars for the lot.

Tio had broken the rules, had had his share of adventures, had let others worry over the moral issues. But he had never sold or smuggled dope. Liquor, certainly: he had run the Florida Straits with a cargo of rum many a wild night in the twenties. And those hungry-eyed immigrants—he had landed quite a few secretly on the shores of Yankeeland. And there had been a stolen trinket or two—sometimes for Amelia, who didn't have to know the source. But he had never handled the narcotic powders that crept around the world, hidden in this crevice or that, slipped from hand to shaking hand, with the banknotes rustling along the way. No, this racket was too messy for him.

As he squatted there, the thought that flared across his mind was this: he had to get that receipt back, at once, and at all costs. Soon, Don Fernando would be picked up. The police would find the receipt on him, or in his house. He, Tio, would be instantly implicated. Since he had a police record—although pre-marital in date—they would never believe his story that the box had merely been left at the Mosca, contents unknown. He and Amelia would be ruined.

He could, of course, destroy the evidence now, by washing the powder down the drain. But the man who threw away that much money, in a trade as tough as this, would roll in the gutter with a knife in his back. No, his first assignment was to get the receipt; and he could calculate the second step from there.

He wiped the sweat from his face, and emerged from the closet, his jaw set.

Amelia inquired pleasantly: "What do you suppose Don Fernando has in that box?"

"Why didn't you ask him?"

"I didn't think it was any of my business."

"Then I suppose it still isn't."

"Tio," Amelia said primly, "I wish you wouldn't talk this way to me. If you wish me to return the watch to that man, I shall. It seems to have upset you more than I realized."

"Why should it matter to me?" Tio queried, leaving Amelia outraged at his tone and disturbed that she had provoked his jealousy so far.

Sam, the American taxi-driver, was at the bar, drinking his midday rum. Sam never cared where he was going, and so had carried Tio on various expeditions where such indifference was desirable.

Instructing Sam to meet him where the taxi was parked, Tio walked out to the street, took a bus for only two stops, walked through an office building and jumped quickly into Sam's car.

DON FERNANDO'S address was on a street of once-fine stone mansions built around a central patio and now remodelled into apartments. Tio dismissed Sam and entered the patio. There was a door marked "A" that opened into a vestibule. Tio pulled the brass bell-knob on the second door, and after a moment an eye appeared at the porter's peephole; then Don Fernando opened the door.

"My dear Tio!" he cried. "How I have been hoping that you would call!"

"I was passing by," Tio explained, "and thought I would say hallo."

"I am pleased. And your wife—she's not with you?"

"No. She hopes to come some other time."

"I hope she will. I should like her advice on my small apartment. A man does not know about these things."

He waved Tio to a chair. As Tio sat down, Bibi, the monkey, leaped from behind the sofa and sat on the back of it.

"You left a box at the café, Don Fernando."

"So I did. I hope it hasn't inconvenienced you."

"Not yet."

Their eyes met. Don Fernando wavered first. "I meant to send for it," he said, "but—something interfered."

"So I thought. And ordinarily I would not mention it—my wife and I are happy to perform these little services without charge. But the contents of this box might prove—well, embarrassing."

"Merely wrist-watches," the other interrupted, with a deprecatory gesture. "Duty declared."

"They seem to have been used for another purpose," Tio said.

"What are you leading up to, my friend?" Don Fernando asked softly.

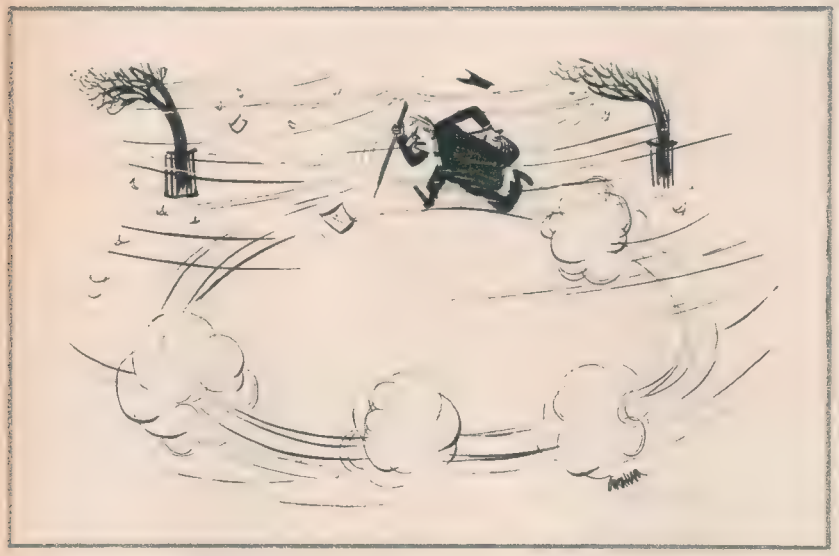
"Only this; I make no complaint, Don Fernando. You are doubtless already planning to remove the box, especially in view of its great value. But in the meantime, you have a receipt from my wife, which could be dangerous to her, and to me. I would like it back."

"Naturally," Don Fernando agreed. "Of course, I would then have no receipt for something which, as you say, is valuable. But you and I need not bother about these trifles when there is something of much greater importance at stake. You remember I spoke to you about an enterprise that we might operate together. The time for it, I believe, is now. Yes, you and I, working together, can make a fortune, Tio. As you have apparently guessed, the box contains a product worth, ounce for ounce, almost a hundred times as much as gold. I have ways of bringing it in; you have ways of distributing it."

"It would be a pleasure to be associated with you," Tio declared. "But, alas, it is impossible. I am an honest

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 26, the judge decided that Mrs. Lindfield had spread false rumours about "The Poplars" without just cause or excuse. She had done it deliberately, so that considerable harm was caused to Woking and the good name of his property. Mrs. Lindfield had to pay Woking damages. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)



restaurant keeper; nothing more."

Don Fernando remained silent, his eyes on the ceiling.

"So I have come to ask you for the receipt," Tio repeated.

"It so happens that I need you, Tio," Don Fernando said. "According to the press, the government seems to be taking an unexpected interest in the matter, which makes it difficult for me to operate alone. In this crisis, it would seem as if Fate had thrown us together. Yes, I would say that our association was—inevitable."

The word fell into the room with a faintly metallic clink, as of a weapon taken in the hand. Don Fernando's narrow face wore its ill-fitting smile. Tio had guessed wrong. He had thought that, with his knowledge of Don Fernando's secret, he could compel the other to return the incriminating piece of paper. Instead, Don Fernando was using the incrimination to browbeat him. There had been a shift in power, and Tio would have to make a corresponding shift in tactics.

At that moment, Bibi, sitting on the top of the sofa, slid to the seat. The movement caught Tio's eyes, and an idea sprang to his mind.

"Well, you may be right," he said. "I will think it over. I used to have some skill in these matters."

"Ah," Don Fernando exclaimed. "Now you talk like the old Tio!"

"Before we discuss the plans," Tio said, "would it be too much to ask for a cup of coffee?"

"I was about to suggest that."

As soon as Don Fernando had gone into the kitchen, Tio turned to the monkey.

"Bibi," he said, imitating Fernando's tone and words as nearly as he could remember them in the café, "bring me the wallet."

The monkey looked at him briefly, and scratched his thigh.

"Bring me the wallet," Tio repeated.

Bibi slid from the chair and scampered out of the room and upstairs.

"You like it strong?" Fernando called.

"Very strong," Tio said.

Two, perhaps three, minutes stretched and passed. Something rattled in the kitchen. Tio walked to the hall and back. Then Bibi reappeared, on all fours, stood up and handed the wallet to him.

RAPIDLY, Tio went through the side pockets. Behind a passport was a folded slip of paper in Amelia's handwriting acknowledging the receipt of the box. Tio grunted joyfully. He was about to give the wallet back when he noticed its contents of bills—one five hundred, several hundreds, several fifties and some of smaller value. Don Fernando certainly owed him something for the custody of the box; and in a collection of that kind, one fifty-dollar bill would never be missed. Tio took one and returned the wallet to the monkey.

"Now put it back," he ordered.

The monkey did so. Tio could hear him on the stairs, just as Don Fernando entered with a tray.

Step Number One had been taken and the receipt recovered. Tio was now in a position to plan for Step Number Two—getting rid of the drug without provoking either Fernando's suspicion or his vengeance. As Don Fernando discussed marketing, distribution and sales personnel for the commodity in question, Tio resolved upon a course of action.

"Of course, I am out of practice in these ventures," he remarked. "I would like to think about it overnight before saying yes or no to your proposal."

Don Fernando granted the delay with a trace of impatience. He would go to the Mosca for his usual morning coffee, he said, at nine o'clock. Tio could give him the answer then, but he would hear it only if it was yes.

That night the continued presence of the box bothered Tio. He did not notice Amelia's subdued manner; and he forgot to tease her in the morning as he usually did, when she took her market bag—a large, flexible, rectangular affair of woven straw—and headed for the Mercado Unico.

TIO ate his breakfast silently and stood early at the bar to watch for Don Fernando. He was oppressed with a sense of danger: the police would strike soon, and he had only a little time in which to dispose of the fatal contents of the box, but he did not dare to do so until he had satisfied Don Fernando with an explanation. He gave no sign of his concern, however, when Don Fernando appeared.

"I take it you came to the same decision I did, my friend," Tio declared. "And I confess I am relieved. You will do better with a younger man not so comfortably settled in marriage."

Don Fernando looked blank.

"When your man came this morning for the box, I assumed you had made other plans," Tio continued.

"I sent no one for the box!" Don Fernando ejaculated, his face turning first red, then white. "You gave someone the box?"

"Yes. He gave me your receipt."

Don Fernando released a steady stream of oaths as he took his wallet and began to pull papers out of it.

"The receipt's not here!" he said.

"No. As I told you, I have it—or did have it."

Tio stooped casually to the waste-basket, behind the bar, fumbled with some paper inside and came up with the receipt. "Yes, here it is." He showed it to Fernando with a disarming innocence and then crumpled it again into the waste-basket. "A young man delivered it—about five feet seven with a black moustache. About seven a.m. I had just finished coffee."

Don Fernando was staring at him with rage, incredulity and frustration on his face. "You gave the box to someone!" he repeated in stupefaction.

"Is there anything wrong, my friend?" Tio inquired.

"Wrong?" Don Fernando croaked. "We have been tricked. We have lost a fortune—you as well as I. We are in danger." His eyes narrowed to a penetrating focus on Tio's face. "Or was it you that tricked me?" he

Elizabeth Taylor gave her husband Michael Wilding a Parker '51' for his birthday

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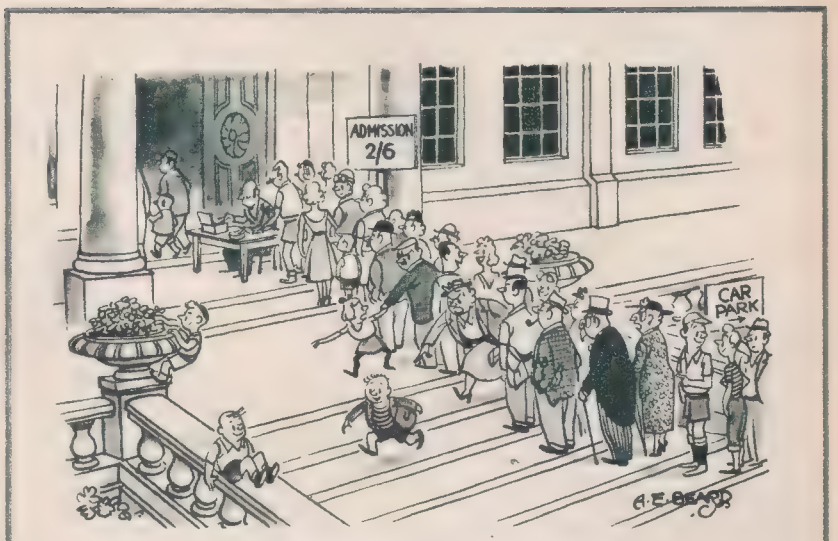

"Are you sure they said Saturday?"

said, one hand reaching towards his shoulder under his coat.

Tio never knew what direction his companion's suspicions might finally have taken. A car squealed to a halt in front of the café, and Captain Molina and three others got out and approached the bar. The half dozen customers of the Mosca finished their repasts with a remarkable simultaneity and slid out of the café without waiting for change from the money tossed down on the tables.

"We have been looking for you, Don Fernando," Captain Molina said.

"I wish I had known that," the other replied. "How can I help you?"

"A small matter. You brought a case of watches in with your cargo on the last trip. What did you do with it?"

"Ah, yes. It was sold only two days ago to a representative of some firm in the United States. A poor deal, too."

"Name and address?" the captain suggested.

Don Fernando looked pained. "I have so little memory for those things. The name was Smith. He was staying at some Havana hotel——"

"Could you remember your own address for me?" the captain inquired.

Don Fernando gave it. "We'll go there with you and look around," the captain said. He and the three detectives and Don Fernando were on the pavement when the captain turned to direct a suddenly hard eye on Tio, who had just relaxed and was about to indulge in self-congratulation.

"Two of you stay here and search this place, too," the captain ordered.

Tio lit a cigarette, poured himself a glass of rum and sat down at a café table. If the game was up and he was caught, at least he would be a gentleman for five minutes. One detective had already gone into the kitchen, and it would take him no longer than that to find the box in the storage closet where Tio had left it.

With his police record, Tio could expect ten to fifteen years; he would be prematurely old, then. The Mosca, for which he suddenly had an affection, would have long been closed; Amelia, heartbroken, would have married someone else.

And the irony—the bitter irony of it was that in the many crises where he had escaped, he had been guilty; this time, when he was caught, he was innocent. It was a dark moment for Tio.

And in that moment Amelia arrived, wearing the satisfied look of one who has accomplished a virtuous mission. She halted in astonishment at the sight of Tio seated in the empty café while a man was ransacking the cupboards behind the bar.

"The police are looking for something," Tio explained, as if it were of no interest.

Her black eyes snapped. "What for? And for what? They drive our business away."

"It will only be a moment, little flower," Tio said, with a gallant attempt to speak lightly in the face of disaster. "Sit down and tell me the news."

She was wearing a denim skirt as red as her lips and a short-sleeved blouse as black as her hair. It conformed nicely to her buxom figure. Tio did not notice it, but the detective was markedly inattentive to duty. She sat down, facing away from the officer.

"First of all, I want you to know that I've taken them back, Tio," she told him softly.

"Taken what back?" Tio said.

"The box and the watch of Don Fernando. When they bothered you so, I decided not to have them here another day. He wasn't at home, so I left the box in the vestibule and sprang the lock on the outer door. I didn't think it was safe to leave the watch, but I'll return it tomorrow. Why are you looking at me like that?"

Before Tio could reply—if he had been able to reply—the telephone rang on the bar, and the detective answered it. "O.K.," he said into the mouthpiece. "Yes, I'll tell him."

He turned to Tio. "It's all right, Mr. Martinez. They found the box at Don Fernando's house. Sorry to bother you."

Tio nodded.

The detective shouted to his companion. "Well, we'll be going along," he said. "I guess you're going to lose a customer for a few years."

"They come and go," Tio said.

"You might gain another one," the detective said, and the two of them departed.

Amelia remarked: "I don't understand all this, Tio."

Tio shook himself and stretched.

"Star of my heart," he said, "someday I will explain it to you." He was feeling twenty years old and full of humorous delight. Now he saw the red-and-black costume and the figure inside it. "You are becomingly garbed, my tuberose," he observed.

Amelia beamed and kissed him.

"I didn't know you could be so jealous," she murmured.

"Jealous!" Tio exclaimed. Comprehension fluttered dimly in his mind, and he let the note of astonishment blend into one of emphasis. "Ah, I could strangle him," he said.

"I'll send the watch back by Pepe tomorrow," Amelia promised.

"No, don't do that. No, no, keep the watch," Tio urged her. If Don Fernando saw the watch, he would realize he had been fooled; otherwise, he would never know. Tio looked down at it on her wrist, with its simple black ribbon; he remembered that she did not like the ribbon, and an idea came to him; after all, he had a fifty-dollar profit. "I'm going to buy you a gold band for it," he declared.

"Oh, Tio!" cried Amelia happily. "How magnanimous! Can you truly afford it?"

"For you, little flower," he assured her, "it is worth every penny of my savings."

THE END

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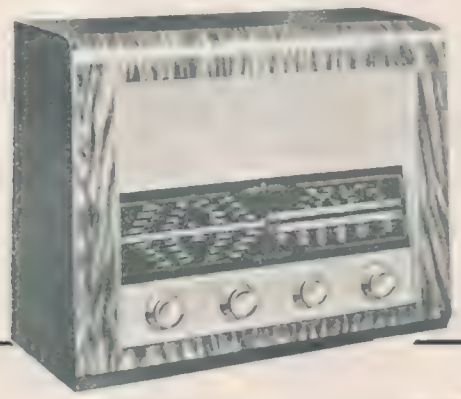

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A THING TO LOVE

Continued from page 15

the government agree as well as a thorn agrees with the foot's instep."

Gitau was gratified to see that Martha smiled at this. Evidently her heart and that of her husband were no longer like twin seeds in one pod. He inspected the room, examined the pictures on the walls, admired the coloured reproduction of a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, and then ventured: "It seems to me, sister, that your husband must neglect you, if he goes away so much on the business of the government."

Martha's eye brightened; this was exactly what she had been thinking herself. She realized that, before Gitau appeared, her mind had been filled with sadness because she, who was young, vigorous and healthy, was so much alone.

"It is a sad thing to be neglected," Gitau went on. "I have heard that when the cock jumps on the wall to crow, he cannot see the hen who stays in the hen-roost."

She laughed gaily, and retorted: "Who has come into my house? Someone who has dipped his tongue in honey!"

"Well, then, let us have some tea, and I will sweeten it with my tongue."

THINGS were going splendidly, Gitau thought. Here, at his first attempt, he'd found a woman, ripe and ready as a banana whose skin rolls off at a touch, soft as a pigeon's breast, desirable as cane juice on a hot journey; a young woman, moreover, dissatisfied with her fool of a husband. Nevertheless, Gitau was cautious; after all, she was married to a captain in the enemy's forces, and there was no end to the deceit of women.

But after tea, when he used her name, she said:

"Do not call me Martha. I have said that I wish to be called by the name my mother gave me, which is Wambui."

"That is a good Kikuyu name, sister. But Martha is a good name also—for a Christian."

Martha, or Wambui, looked proud and contemptuous. "I do not wish to be a Christian any longer. The Christian God is nothing but a European."

"Are there many here who think as you do?"

"Many? Everyone, Gitau, except a few whom we call the white man's oxen. My husband is one."

He noticed that she did not call him "brother" any more. He began to feel excited. Carefully he put down his cup, and turned to her. "Wambui," he said softly. . . .

The same day Gitau took up residence nearby in the house of a reliable man, an oath-giver who knew all the secrets of the conspiracy. So far, Chief Kimani had not interfered with this man, who was quite a senior official, an overseer in the Public Works Department.

Gitau realized that his first job was to try to remove Kimani, and he studied the problem for some time. Chief Kimani was a powerful man, but far from popular. He ran his location strictly and saw that the people obeyed the Europeans' laws.

Several days later, Gitau said to his host, "There is only one way to overcome Kimani, and that is with dried figs."

The overseer asked: "Are they poisonous?"

"Very."

"Where can they be obtained?"

"There are some stored in Nairobi, and I will try to get them here."

The police had stopped all lorries and buses running to and from Nairobi and they examined everyone on trains; but they didn't stop the women who went into market with foodstuffs and carried notes and money tucked into their clothes. So Gitau sent down a note asking for an immediate delivery of six packets of dried figs.

"If you send these figs to Kimani he will guess that they are poisoned," suggested the P.W.D. overseer.

Gitau laughed. "They have small

black seeds which he will eat without knowing it."

Gitau didn't know how the dried figs would travel or how long they would take; that was not his affair. Meanwhile, he had another idea. He'd noticed that, on the main road, police askaris sometimes went about on bicycles, with their rifles slung over their shoulders, instead of in jeeps, as they did round Sunguru. There was a lot of traffic on the main road, but it twisted and turned among the ridges and you could seldom see very much of it at one time.

By now, Gitau had found out who were the boldest among the men of the district, and, to three or four of these, he unfolded his plan. When all was ready, they took up their stations by the road, and then for a week no askaris came or, if they came, so did a lorry or a motor car.

"Cattle cannot avoid the salt-lick even if it is under the rocks where lion-cubs play," quoted Gitau; and, sure enough, one afternoon two askaris came cycling along the road. The daring Gitau and his friends did not fail. All had pangas, and in a very few minutes even the wives of the two men couldn't have known them. By the time a military convoy came along, Gitau and his friends and the two rifles, together with the ammunition belts, were well on the way home.

A week later, when Gitau and his host were fast asleep, a heavy knock shook the hut's door. Both men, awake on the instant, kept silent, but Gitau jumped up and pulled a rifle out of the thatch. The knock came again, and a voice cried: "Have we come to a place where friends are treated like thieves? Have you no beer that we can drink with our dried figs?"

GITAU grinned in the darkness and undid the fastening of the flimsy door. Three or four bulky shapes entered, and when the P.W.D. overseer, who was nervous and afraid, had lit the hurricane lamp, Gitau could see that his ears had not betrayed him: the voice was indeed that of Banduki, the taxi-driver from Nairobi, who wore a military overcoat and a driver's cap on the back of his head. With him was a party of half a dozen men with rifles, three of them for Gitau.

"I did not know whether you had by now been arrested," Gitau remarked.

Banduki laughed. "Can the dog catch the flea?" he said. "He bites, but always where the flea has bitten first and hopped on."

"I didn't hear your taxi drive up."

"Oh! That has been left in Nairobi. The weather there is very hot. I am going to a place where it is cooler and where I shall eat fish from the rivers and sleep under the trees."

This amazed Gitau. Banduki was a man of Nairobi, not cut out to live like an animal in the bush. Before more could be said, the wife of the P.W.D. overseer brought them food. Banduki's companions crowded in and very soon cleared up the meal. When they had finished, Banduki unwrapped a heavy object he had been carrying in some old sacks, and said:

"Now I will show you something which I call my betrothed." He drew out a dark, wicked-looking automatic gun.

"That is a Sten gun," said Gitau. "Have you brought it for me?"

"Do you think I am the sort to give my betrothed away to another man? She is coming with me to the forest, and every time she says 'Tut-tut-tut-tut-tut,' with her little black mouth, people will die. Be patient, Gitau, you too will soon be given such a gun."

FROM Banduki, Gitau learned that a scheme which had sometimes been discussed by the Nairobi committee was now to be put into effect.

Some of the leaders, and especially those who, like Banduki himself, had taken part in the war, were to go into the forest and form there an army of guerrilla fighters who would raid the homesteads and shambas along the edge, and force the government to send troops and police to chase them.

For the government, this would be such an expensive business that after a while they would grow tired and take their troops away. Then the European farmers, ruined by lack of labour—for all their Kikuyu labourers were eating the oath—and driven out by fear, would give up their farms and leave, and at last the whole of Kenya would belong to the Kikuyu.

All this, Banduki said, had been carefully planned, and now he was on his way to the forest to turn himself back into an askari—but one who gave the orders, this time, instead of saying "Yes sir! No sir!" to Europeans.

As for Gitau, he was to proceed as quickly as possible with the elimination of Kimani, Kimani's son Matthew, anyone who'd joined the Home Guard without authority, and any Christians or other enemies; and he was to send as many recruits as possible to join Banduki in the forest. He was to see that oath-eating ceremonies were held all over the district; women were to be sworn as well as men, and were to carry food up to the forests and money down to Nairobi. Gitau thought of Martha-Wambui and decided to appoint her as a leader among the women.

The road from Sunguru to the Macalisters' mission, after following the crest of a ridge for some miles, dropped into a narrow valley to cross a small and scurrying river by a roughly-built log bridge. Then it rose again, and on

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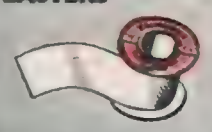

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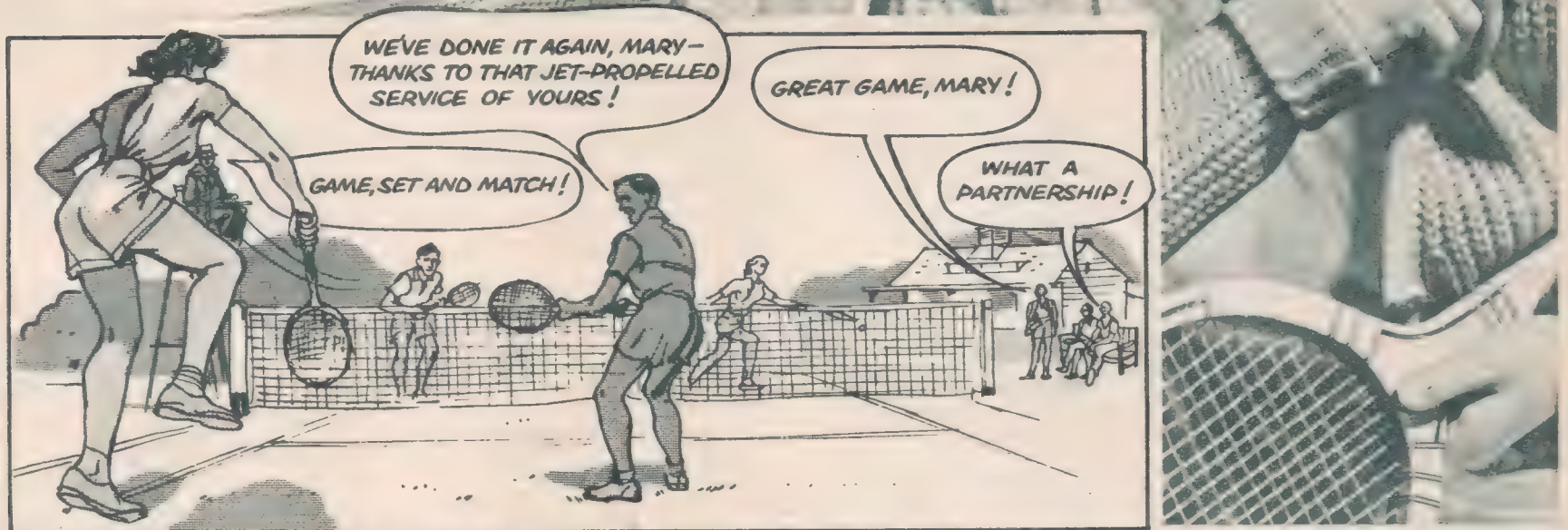
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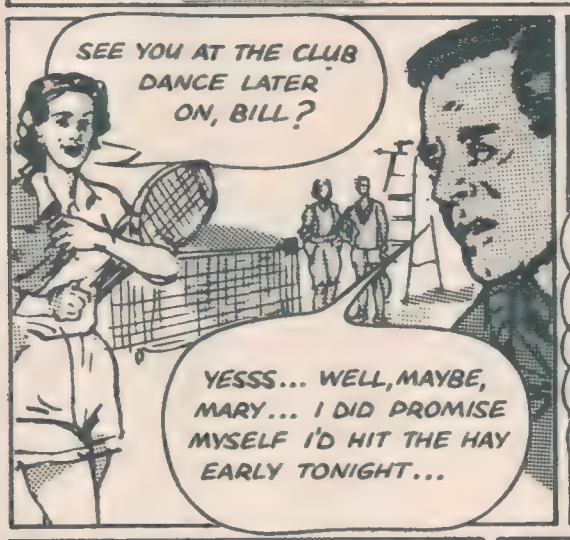
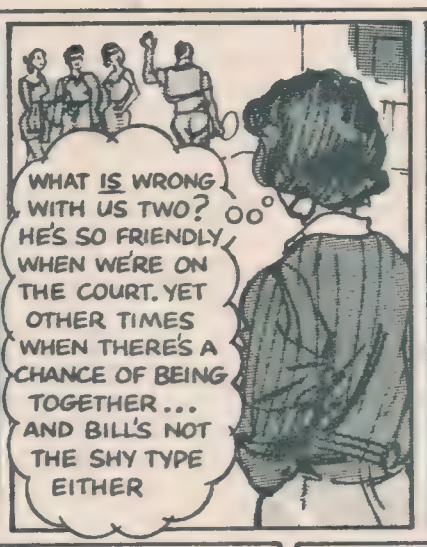
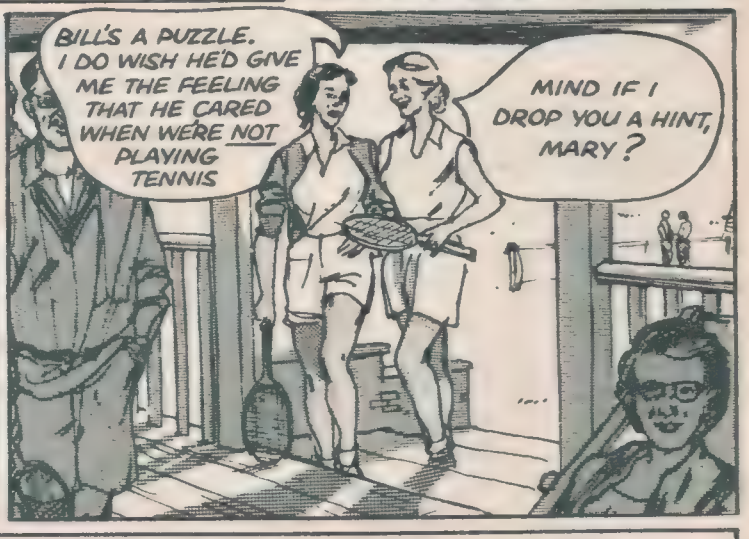
GREAT GAME, MARY!
GAME, SET AND MATCH!
WHAT A PARTNERSHIP!




WHAT IS WRONG WITH US TWO? HE'S SO FRIENDLY WHEN WE'RE ON THE COURT. YET OTHER TIMES WHEN THERE'S A CHANCE OF BEING TOGETHER... AND BILL'S NOT THE SHY TYPE EITHER



...SO YOU SEE, MARY, PERFUMES AND DEODORANTS ARE ALL VERY WELL. BUT THIS BUSINESS OF KEEPING FRESH ALL DAY IS TRICKY – UNLESS YOU GET ALL THE STALE PERSPIRATION OUT OF YOUR PORES. LOOK, MARY, I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO MAKE CERTAIN OF FIGHTING B.O. ...

THE END-OF-SEASON CLUB DANCE
MARY, MY SWEET. I WANTED TO TALK ABOUT A PARTNERSHIP LATER ON TONIGHT... BUT THIS TIME IT'S FOR LIFE...
I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF THIS! I'M SO GLAD I REALLY DID FIND OUT...!

LBT 777-80

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

the crest of the next ridge men were digging a big ditch to surround a fort for the Home Guard.

It was one of Matthew's tasks to supervise this work, and quite often he drove there in his Land Rover with an armed guard. Now and again he took Kimani with him, and it was this that formed the basis of Gitau's plan. The Europeans had a saying that you could kill two birds with one stone. Gitau intended to prove its veracity.

In daylight he must walk over the bridge, but in the moonlight he could explore underneath and examine the supporting beams. And it was a simple matter for the P.W.D. overseer to extract a good, strong saw from the ample stocks of his department.

It now became Gitau's duty as well as his delight to pay a daily visit to Martha-Wambui. The afternoons were long, hot and idle, and Matthew was always away.

At last, one day, she told him the news he'd been waiting for.

"Tomorrow he will take Kimani to see the ditch," she said. "The D.C. came this morning and said that the digging does not go on fast enough. 'Very well, then,' said my husband. 'I will go tomorrow with the Chief and he will talk to the diggers.' I do not know what time."

GITAU smiled with pleasure. "That we can find out," he said. Since he had come into the district, new heart had come to supporters of the conspiracy and many more had eaten the oath. Kimani, of course, knew of this and was searching for Gitau, who no longer stayed with the P.W.D. overseer but slept in a different hut each night.

The biggest gathering ever held in the district took place that night, and many men and women ate the new oath.

Next day, Gitau's dispositions were made in good time. No part of the road between the crests of the two ridges and the stream between them was left unobserved.

Soon after ten o'clock, the Land Rover set out from Sunguru with five men in it: a driver, Chief Kimani and Matthew in the front, two armed askaris behind. It crossed the valley safely, halted at the half-built fort for an hour and proceeded up the road. It went forth: and it was bound to come back.

At about four o'clock, a child in charge of a herd of goats which had strayed on to the road drove them frantically to one side, shouting at the disobedient leader. Some way farther on, a woman called sharply to her distant offspring. An old man standing in a bean-field on the crest of the ridge threw a stick at a bird in a tree. In the valley, a young man took off his hat and waved it. The watchers understood that the Land Rover was on its way back.

Gitau slid down the bank into the shallow stream and took the saw from its hiding place. A friend joined him, and the two waited under the bridge for the signal which would tell them that the Land Rover was within sight of the crest of the ridge.

Five minutes passed, and then another five. Gitau kept his eyes on the man with the hat who was sitting on a rock about two hundred yards away. The hat was back in place, its owner hadn't moved.

Another five minutes dragged by. Gitau wiped the sweat from his face and lit a cigarette. Something had gone awry.

The child had driven his goats to the side of the road and stood waiting in the sun while his flock tugged at some dusty bushes. Unaccountably, the car had halted almost as soon as it had come into view. He could see that everyone had got out and was standing by the side, and two men were bending over one of the wheels. His instructions were quite clear: to give one warning when he first saw the car, a second after it had passed him. It had not passed yet, and so the child continued to wait.

Presently, a lorry came into sight and stopped beside the Land Rover, and several men got out. Everyone

"Non"

talked together for a few moments and then the passengers climbed back into the lorry, which proceeded on its way.

The goat-herd's instructions on this point, too, were quite clear: to ignore any vehicle other than the Land Rover.

When the lorry had gone by, Gitau and his men emerged from their uncomfortable position in the water and sat on a rock to smoke, wonder and wait. Why did Matthew and Kimani linger? Had they gone to select a new site for a fort, or perhaps a school? Or had they met with an accident?

At last, almost an hour later, Gitau's ears caught the faint, distant tremor of a woman's voice calling to her child. A few moments later, the man sitting on the rock waved his hat. The two watchers slid back into position. Gitau seized the saw and went to work. He reckoned he had ten minutes.

The job of severing the two central beams had been half-done beforehand, and in a few minutes Gitau's saw had bitten through both of them, leaving only splinters to preserve the appearance of the bridge. While the Land Rover crept down the steep hillside, he had plenty of time to throw the saw into the water, wade a short distance upstream and hide in a plantation of bananas.

Cautiously, the Land Rover approached the bridge and appeared to stop just short of it. Perhaps the driver had noticed something wrong. Gitau, peering out of the plantation, was taut as a drum and his pulses throbbed like the palms of a drummer. But no one got out; the driver had only been changing gear. His car advanced cautiously. A sharp crack split the evening air, someone shouted, the bridge sagged and the Land Rover tipped over to one side and plunged down, sending its passengers hurtling into the river below.

A SAVAGE joy seized Gitau, but he stayed where he was. He saw two men with rifles running down the hill. When they reached the bank, they stood still and fired. The cracks, sharp and vicious, echoed off the rocks, and in the distance someone shouted. Then came two more shots. By the time Gitau reached the scene, three bodies had been dragged from the stream. But neither Matthew's nor Kimani's was among them.

An hour earlier, when she'd heard steps on the veranda, Martha-Wambui had swung round to confront her husband with an astonishment she could not wholly conceal.

"Am I a spirit, then?" Matthew had asked, laughing. "Is this not the time for my return?"

"I did not see the car," she had replied, conscious of the weakness of her excuse. But Matthew had not pointed out that she couldn't see it unless she walked out on to the road.

"I have left the car on the other side of the river, its tyre punctured, and when the driver came to change the wheel he found a puncture in the spare, too, so he was forced to mend the hole. As Desai's lorry passed just then, I and Kimani got into it and left the askaris to guard the driver while he mended the hole."

"Ah!" There was something about her long-drawn-out response, as if she attached some deep importance to the incident. She added: "God has helped you."

"Yes, God is powerful," Matthew replied.

To be as near Pat as possible, Sam had got himself posted to Tetu. It had not been difficult to manage. Tetu was a dangerous area, and a man of maturity and resource had been welcome.

In spite of the dangers of the situation, Sam could not feel in the least depressed. The elation, the delightful *frisson* of anticipation which came upon him always at the start of any journey, warmed his blood. As his heart rose to the wail of a ship's siren or the roar of an aircraft's engines, so did it respond, with an eagerness as keen but much steadier, to that profound absorption in another's personality which marks the start of any love affair.

He knew that, later on, he'd begin to notice flaws, to question, to encounter little patches of indifference that would widen into barren stretches between oases of tenderness, but just at present he was wholly enchanted.

He longed to know what Pat was doing at that moment, whether she was sitting with her chin cupped in one hand, looking sideways at the table, or perhaps admonishing some small black creature with an expression of severity, or smoothing down her glossy chestnut hair with her fingers. Even the turmoil in his own mind was agreeable, because he believed hers to be no less disturbed.

The major worry of the Tetu district was the safety of Chief Kimani. The trouble lay in the chief's own attitude of contempt towards the rabble who threatened him. He went about everywhere and showed himself in a foolhardy manner to his enemies. And now Intelligence had picked up a rumour that his son Josiah was back in the district. So deep had the poison gone, so corrosive was it, that even parricide couldn't be ruled out.

Sam mentioned this to Matthew, who was now his colleague.

"I do not think it can be true," Matthew said. "Josiah would not dare to come back. He is my brother, and I know him."

"From all I hear of him, he's got plenty of brass. He escaped with that man Gitau, who's wanted for murder, and you know there's a strong rumour Gitau is hiding somewhere in your father's location."

"There has been some talk of it," Matthew agreed uncomfortably. The very mention of Gitau's name stung him like an ant's bite. Martha's cousin—and what had become of Martha now? He'd married a girl called Martha, and she'd turned into someone else called Wambui.

Several nights ago, between his house and the new office, a man who'd passed him in the darkness had said in a low voice: "Son of Kimani, don't you know what goes on in your house while you are away? Have you no eyes to see the game your wife is playing?"

Before he could identify the man, or question him, the shadow in the darkness had vanished, leaving him hot as an ember and then cold as cane juice. What was he to think or do?

"I've a feeling those two are behind many of our troubles," Sam said. "There's a lot of organization going on. We've got to be absolutely certain nothing can go wrong tomorrow, Matthew."

Chief Kimani was driving in to Tetu next day to attend the court as an assessor. Most of his journey would be along the main road but, even so, a police escort was to accompany him in both directions with orders not to let him out of sight.

"The only possible weak link in the chain seems to be Kimani's driver. Are you absolutely sure of his loyalty?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Gibson; he is a nephew. He used to drive a lorry for the Creameries."

"A nephew—and Josiah is a son."

"That is true, but I don't think this man is at all the same. He's driven Kimani for several years."

"There's so much intimidation going on. My suggestion is—as a precaution only—a last-minute switch of drivers. Put a police driver in Kimani's car just before he starts."

They discussed the arrangements, and then a report that Matthew had brought in from Sunguru. Women with loads of maize, beans and potatoes on their backs were toiling up the steep paths—not towards the markets but away from them. When questioned, they said that they were taking food across the mountains to the Rift Valley on the other side.

No one, of course, believed this. Women did not carry produce over the crest of a range ten thousand feet high when it could go by rail. Clearly, some of the wanted men had gone to hide in the forest, an event no one had expected, for life was cold and comfortless up there and most of the Kikuyu conspirators came from the city, the townships and the farms.

Still, it was happening; and the question was, how could it be stopped?

URGENT messages had gone down to Nairobi and, in due time, replies had come back. "And the answer is a lemon," Sam said. "We can do nothing. Women may carry food wherever they like without breaking the law. Therefore we can do nothing but kiss them all goodbye and have a hot cup of tea waiting for them on their return."

Matthew went that evening to see his father. Kimani had a cluster of twenty or thirty rotund, thatched huts surrounded by a neat split-stake fence. Each wife, as was the custom, had her separate hut, her own hearthstones, her personal granary, and in this way quarrels were averted.

Kimani occupied a larger hut in the middle, lightly furnished with a few camp chairs, a rough table and a bed. Much of his time, nowadays, was spent in his office, a greatly superior stone house with a separate room for his clerk, a telephone, a saucepan radio and a huge safe cemented into the wall. Now he was obliged to have an escort when he walked to and fro—a need he greatly disliked.

"The D.C. wishes you to leave Kamau behind tomorrow morning and take a police driver," Matthew said.

Kimani grunted. "Will he, then, tell my wives how they are to cook my

More people drink

WATNEY'S

than any other

BROWN

ALE

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

food tomorrow night? Doesn't he know that Kamau is my nephew?"

"He knows that. And he says: 'Josiah is your son.'"

Kimani scowled, and on such occasions his face took on the look of a dark rock in some gloomy gorge, and the eyes of those who stood before him were lowered.

"They are searching for Josiah and Gitau, and have heard that Josiah is hiding near Tetu."

"If he comes here . . ." said Kimani, and left the sentence unfinished.

"We have not yet found Gitau."

"Gitau has gone into the forest. No one has seen him for several days, but he will return and then I think we shall catch him. And now, when are we to seize these women who are carrying food to the murderers and drinkers of blood?"

Reluctantly, Matthew explained to his father that the women must be left unmolested. Even Kimani's monolithic calm was disturbed.

"If a man loads a gun to shoot me, must I wait until he presses the trigger? If women load the men with food, must we stand idle until these men come with pangas? If the D.C. would let me seize these women and have them beaten in the market place, in a month these hyenas in the forest would be whimpering for food."

"The D.C. will never let you do that," said Matthew. He was uneasy and distressed, thinking of Martha and the warning of the unknown passer-by. Was it possible that Martha, his own beloved wife whom he'd married in the Christian fashion—was it possible that even she had been corrupted? Could she be feeding and praising some murderous outcast?

He sat on for a little with his father, until the time came for eating, and then he left, and on the way home he looked in to see his foster-mother. She was in her smoke-filled hut, stirring the evening stew and talking to a daughter-in-law.

THE old woman asked after the baby, and when Matthew said that he was thriving, added tartly:

"Since the baby's mother does no work but has a boy to fetch her firewood, she can make milk all day long: it is no wonder he grows fat. But do not think, my son, that a woman is a cow in spite of that. If she cannot stir a cooking pot then she will stir up trouble."

"Let us talk of something more pleasant," Matthew suggested.

"Pleasure is like a cobweb on a bush: when you stretch out your hand it vanishes, and in these days, all the bushes have been shaken and the cobwebs have dissolved. Nothing is as it used to be—only Kimani, who is like a tree, and we are like guinea-fowl who roost in the branches: but if the axe came to him we should have nowhere to shelter for the night."

"That will not happen, Mother," Matthew said.

Indeed, many precautions were taken next day when Kimani drove into Tetu. Matthew had posted Home Guards at several places along the track that linked Kimani's village with the main road. Two armed askaris travelled with him, and a police car went just ahead.

Matthew spent the day in his office, busy with reports, files and questionnaires. He felt uneasy and about four o'clock he left his work half-done, took his bicycle and went down to the first bridge to see that the guards were still on duty. They had nothing unusual to report.

He cycled back to his house and Martha-Wambui brought him tea; he had the baby on his knee for a little; his wife seemed in a better humour, she even smiled once or twice, and pointed out a new tooth in the baby's lower jaw.

"He is cutting them in the right order," she said. "That means he will be strong and have sons. If the top ones had come first he would have grown up to beget nothing but daughters and to spend his wealth on beer."

Matthew laughed at this.

JUST as he was finishing his second cup, he heard a faint, muffled rumble, like a short clap of thunder far away. They looked at each other silently. He noticed that Martha was excited, her eyes shone and her breath had quickened.

"I know that sound," he said. "That was not thunder. That was an explosion, such as is made when the P.W.D. is blasting rock for a new road."

"There is no road being made here," Martha said, picking up his cup. "It must have been thunder after all."

Matthew felt a terrible sense of foreboding, almost panic. He jumped up, rushed out of the bungalow and pedalled down the road without even calling his bodyguard. At the bridge, the two guards agreed that they had heard a distant explosion, but where from, they could not say.

Although nothing had changed, in some mysterious way he was aware that the whole countryside was on the alert. No one could be seen in the shambas; the instinct of danger had sent the people into their huts or halted them by the river where they were drawing water; even the boys drove in their goats quickly and silently, not pausing to loiter or to throw stones at birds. Matthew decided to cycle on towards the main road. His ears felt like membranes stretched over a drumhead, tautened for the least sound.

About half-way to the main road he heard a high-pitched half-shout, half-wail ahead, a woman's voice: his heart thumped, this was the signal of calamity. He pedalled fiercely on. Round a bend he met a man pounding towards him, a police askari—breathless, unarmed, his jersey soaked with sweat. He leaped off his cycle and caught the man's arm as he hurried by.

"Tell me!" he commanded.

The askari recognized him and halted, gasping for breath. "Kimani is dead."

"The explosion?"

"Rocks tumbled into the road

INTO ENGLAND'S DEEP SOUTH

HARRY HOPKINS continues his Journey Into Britain from fabulous Bournemouth—the town with the secret of making money—to the sleepy mystery of the Hardy country . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

"Nearly all gone now, sir, hasn't it?"

behind us and we couldn't go back. The rifles killed Kimani and his guards when their car stopped. They fired down on us from the rocks above and killed our European officer. I rolled into the bush and escaped through a shamba. I do not know how; God helped me."

"Is there no doubt about Kimani?"

"How can there be doubt? I heard the shots and the screams. There were many Mau Mau and we were like beetles; they crushed us from above."

Matthew's heart failed him and he sat down beside the road. He heard another wail, and then another: the news was being passed from ridge to ridge. Soon the wailing would rise from Kimani's village like the cries of lonely spirits in the night.

The great tree is fallen, he thought, God has deserted us; this is the shame of the Kikuyu people; this is a thing the spirits cannot forgive. The curse is heavy on our country now; and as for us guinea fowl, where shall we go to roost, now that we have no protection, now the tree lies shattered on the angry ground?

MOURNING for Kimani was deep and wide. Hundreds came to his funeral in Tetu. European officials from Nairobi and farmers from many miles away, missionaries, African councillors and headmen, fellow-chiefs and plain people who had often grumbled at his severity but respected him as one of the greatest of their tribe. Messages came from the government, from men in London, from all over Kenya.

No one, it seemed, had seen the criminals, no one had heard them, they had come from nowhere and vanished into air. Questioned, every person shook his head. And hundreds were questioned, police and army seemed to be everywhere, and all those who couldn't answer were taken to Tetu in lorries to be questioned all over again. But no one could name the fellers of the great tree.

In spite of that, there was a name which no one mentioned but which seemed to hang like smoke in the air. Even Matthew could not have told when or where he heard it, or even if he heard it at all; but there it lay, like a stone on the bed of a stream, at the bottom of his mind. Perhaps it was the women who spoke it in low tones, or perhaps they didn't speak it but simply knew, as women do. Before Kimani was in his grave, no one was ignorant of his chief assassin's name.

Matthew looked at his wife and said softly:

"Have you seen Gitau?"

"Why should I see him? Is he a friend of yours?"

"He is your cousin."

She shrugged her shoulders, not deigning to answer such a foolish

FREE!

£3,000

CASH MUST BE WON!

in the new, easy

Outspan

COMPETITION

Enjoy delicious Outspan Oranges and save three wrappers—that's the first step towards a cash prize in this free competition.

And the rest is just as easy

The eight pictures shown on the right illustrate some of the wonderful qualities of Outspan Oranges. Now suppose that you are advertising Outspan. Pick and place in order of merit the seven of these eight qualities you think would most encourage people to buy Outspan. Write in the corresponding letters on the entry form. Now consider the Outspan slogan—"O for Outspan, juicy, fresh and sweet"—and think of a good alternative for "juicy, fresh and sweet". Enter this alternative on the entry form and send in the form, together with three wrappers from Outspan or any other South African Oranges or Grapefruit, remembering to give your full address and that of the retailer who sold you your Outspan.

First Prize £1,000

(must be won outright)

Ten Second Prizes of £100

1,000 Consolation Awards of £1

Enter this great competition as often as you like: send three wrappers with each entry. Ask your greengrocer for extra entry forms.

A

Always so fresh—that's **Outspan**!

B

Juicy **Outspan**—full of flavour!

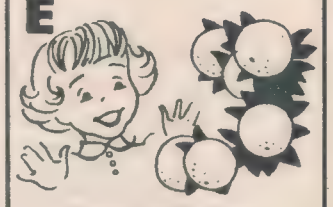
C

Outspan—so sweet—a treat to eat!

D

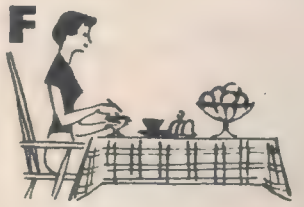
More to eat in **Outspan**—they're thin-skinned!

E



Every kiddy loves an **Outspan**!

F



Outspan help to keep you slim!

G

Outspan—such value for money!

H

Outspan for sunny Vitamin C!

O for Outspan – juicy, fresh and sweet

RULES

1. Make your entry in the space provided.
2. All accepted entries will be carefully examined and a panel of judges, including Viscountess Boyle, Miss Anona Winn, M.B.E., David Nixon, a Harley Street physician and a prominent advertising expert, will award prizes to the entries which, in its opinion, are the most meritorious.
3. The panel will judge the order of importance of the seven Outspan qualities, and slogans will be judged for aptness, wit and originality.
4. Any residents of Great Britain and Northern Ireland may enter this competition, except members of the South African Co-operative Citrus Exchange Ltd., their advertising agents or any others concerned with handling the competition, or their families.
5. No responsibility will be accepted by the organisers for any entries lost, mislaid or damaged. No correspondence regarding this competition will be entered into.
6. All prizewinners will be notified. Major prizewinners will be announced in the press.
7. You may enter as often as you wish provided that three wrappers from Outspan or any other South African Oranges or Grapefruit are enclosed with each entry, and that the retailer's name, with your signature and address (in BLOCK CAPITALS), appears on each entry.
8. The judges' decision must be accepted as final and legally binding.
9. The copyright of all prize-winning entries becomes the property of the South African Co-operative Citrus Exchange Ltd.
10. All entries should be sent to address given at the head of the entry form.
11. Closing date will be 30th September, 1954. All entries received after last post on this date will be disqualified.

SEND ENTRY FORM TO

OUTSPAN COMPETITION,
BOX 219, 1 DOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1

I place the seven Outspan advantages in this order:
My slogan for Outspan is:—

O for Outspan_____

NAME_____
(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

ADDRESS_____

I certify I bought my Outspan from:

NAME OF RETAILER_____

ADDRESS_____

I agree to abide by the rules of this competition.

USUAL SIGNATURE
OF COMPETITOR_____

1st	
2nd	
3rd	
4th	
5th	
6th	
7th	

NEW...far and away the most talked about chocolate treat

BOUNTY, WITH MILKIER, JUICIER COCONUT THAN EVEN SOUTH-SEA ISLANDERS EVER KNEW
BOUNTY, SMOTHERED THICK WITH FULL-CREAM MILK CHOCOLATE. TWO BIG CHUNKY BARS FOR 6d
ENJOY ONE TODAY!

Another sweet treat by Mars

Life's big race

Holiday races . . . a hint of life's big race to come. Make sure all the energy they use is replaced with extra helpings of the energy foods — whole wheat . . . malt . . . sugar . . . in a word, Weetabix. Insist on it for your breakfast. Use it for snacks (it's so good with ice cream), for lunch with fruit, for supper with butter and jam. At holiday time youngsters need plenty of energy food — that's how they grow up into those vital men and women who get all the best chances in life's big race. See that they get plenty of Weetabix.

Buy a family size packet to-day.

Weetabix

the whole wheat breakfast cereal

FREE SAMPLE AND RECIPE LEAFLET

To Mrs. Marjorie Crisp, Department 3z, Weetabix Ltd., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Nr. Kettering, Northants. Please send me Sample Packet of Weetabix and a copy of "Weetabix Winners" — prizewinning recipes selected by Helen Burke. *Post coupon in an unsealed 1½d. stamped envelope.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... COUNTY .....

remark; but asked: "When will you be back from Tetu?"

"I shall be late."

In Tetu, the District Commissioner said: "Matthew, I want you to move into Tetu for a week or two, until we can get Sunguru properly defended. Quite apart from personal feelings, we can't afford another major disaster."

"I understand that," Matthew answered, "but then all these murderers would say: 'Look at our strength, we can drive out the District Officer and do as we please.' How can I tell my people to resist the oath-givers, when I run away myself?"

"It's only a temporary measure. I don't like it either, but I think it's the lesser of two evils."

"Mr. Chapman, I would rather not! You see, I am known to everyone as Kimani's son. They will think it my duty to avenge my father. And if I go to Tetu, they will know that I am frightened and they will never again listen to anything I say. Perhaps the government will wish me to be its chief to follow my father—there has been talk of that. I could never be a chief over people who said: 'That man has run away from the murderers of his father.'"

John Chapman combed his hair with his fingers and said: "I see your point. Also, I have my orders—marching orders, I should think, if they get you next. It's impossible to defend Sunguru properly at the moment. You could go back there, say in a fortnight. Will you think it over?"

"I will think it over, sir," Matthew agreed. He knew this to be an order, and it made him distressed.

They had lent him a lorry, and he drove back with his bodyguard earlier than he had expected.

He stopped the lorry just short of Sunguru and told the driver to take a message to the chief's clerk. Then, disobeying orders, he walked on to his house alone.

At the bottom of the veranda steps he paused to listen, without knowing what he expected to hear: the baby crying, perhaps, or his wife moving about. He heard a man's laugh.

THEY were in the living-room, lolling on the best chairs. He saw Gitau's looseness vanish, his whole body tauten and the shoulders swing forward, but Gitau didn't rise, because he was looking straight into the black steady eye of Matthew's revolver. Instead of rising, Gitau smiled.

"I have been waiting for you," he said, as calmly as a judge. "Why have you been so long? But my cousin has been good to me. She did not tell me to go."

"Why have you dared to come into my house?"

"Dared to come?" Gitau answered, sounding surprised and offended. "Is not Wambui my cousin?"

"You have murdered my father," Matthew said.

"I have murdered no one. If a man has a boil, is the doctor wrong to prick it with his bare needle? Does he murder the boil, or free the man from pain?"

"Gitau, I do not care for your riddles. You have killed others and now it is your turn. Say your prayers, and, if you mean them, God will forgive you, but I shall not, and I shall shoot you dead."

"I shall not say my prayers, for God knows what is in my heart—the God of Kerinyagga, not the God of the Christians. If I am to die, then let it be, but first I should like to talk to you."

"I do not wish to talk to you, Gitau."

They had both forgotten Martha-Wambui. Such was their preoccupation that they had not seen her move quietly round behind her husband to reach a corner of the room, and now she startled both by stepping forward and crying out:

"If you shoot him, my husband, you will die, too, for I have his gun."

It was true. Carelessly, Gitau had left his new Sten gun leaning against the wall near the doorway, and now Martha had it in her hands. She held it awkwardly, and Gitau could see that she could no more have fired it than he could have suckled the baby in the cot. Suddenly it all seemed quite ridiculous, and he laughed loudly.

"Let us forget about our guns for a few minutes," he said. "Probably it is only the baby who would get shot. Matthew, I could have killed you many times in the last month. Do you know why I have not?"

Matthew still kept the revolver pointing at the intruder, but he sat down heavily on a chair beside the table and rested his hand there, while he kept his eyes on Gitau.

"I will tell you why: it is because I think that in your heart you wish to cut the ropes that bind our people, just as I do. In your heart you are not a black European, but a true Kikuyu, and there is much that you could do for our cause."

"You are talking nonsense," Matthew said, "but talk away and vomit out the poison before this gun in my hand sends your soul into the fires of hell."

"I do not believe those Christian superstitions, but I will talk a little longer. I will talk because I think you are my brother, but a fool. A fool, because you have trusted the Europeans, you have let their clever tongues send your mind to sleep.

"Are you not like a flea who climbs on to the forehead of an elephant, saying: 'this elephant is my friend, he will carry me on to my destination?' Very well! It is all right for a little, but one day the elephant says: 'Don't I feel something itching?' He shakes his head, and that is the end of the flea: and that will be the end of those who trust the Europeans, Matthew."

"That may be, Gitau, although I do not think so; but it is better to be crushed underfoot than to stain the land with murder, and especially with the murder of your own chief."

"Kimani was no chief of mine. He who kills a hyena must kill also the louse on its body, and Kimani was a white man's louse, sheltering in the hair of the white man and living on the white man's blood. Take warning, Matthew, and leave the white men's hair before it is too late and you perish with them. For when we have finished there will not be a European left in this country."

Matthew said: "It is you who are the fool. Do you think that you will drive the Europeans out in this way? Can't you see that you will only drive them in, like posts that are hit with a mallet?"

"Now is our best chance, brother! Now, while they are still few and we are many and the Spokesman is our leader. Now, while every district is prepared and every man will soon be bound by the oath that is unbreakable, now while our army is getting ready in the forest to swoop upon the farms. When we have driven out the Europeans, it is men like you who must fill their places and control the government, and grow strong and rich as they."

"Murder and bloodshed will make no one strong and rich," Matthew retorted. "Your talk is of the Devil, not of God, who tells us that we must love each other and forgive, not hate and destroy."

"The God of the Christians!" Gitau said contemptuously. "That is what the Christians tell you that he says, but do they pay any attention? Do Europeans love each other? Do Europeans never hate and destroy?"

Matthew was silent; and Gitau laughed, all his confidence regained.

"Don't you see that this God of theirs is just a trick they use to put us to sleep? This God of theirs who preaches love—they do not obey him, and he does not punish them. If he existed, wouldn't he send famine and plague and earthquakes to destroy them because they neglected his word? Love each other, they say—and suppose we listen, and love each other, they will laugh and laugh and take the rest of our country away. This Christian God is just a trick, and you are a fool to be taken in by it."

"I am a Christian," Matthew said doggedly.

"You are no Christian, Matthew—I will tell you what you are. You are a Kikuyu, as I am, and all our brothers. We dwelt in happiness until the Europeans came with their falsehood and lies, and the God of love that they invented to cheat us of our land."

"Those are the words of the Devil," Matthew cried.

"They are the words of common sense. As for you, there are two choices. You may cling like a louse to the hair of the white hyenas, and die as your father died, or you may join with your brothers to purge our country and restore the customs of our ancestors, and when we have succeeded you will gain a great reward, for the Spokesman has told me that he will make you into a high official with a big house and a salary of two thousand pounds a year."

"I cannot join you," Matthew said.

GITAU'S eyes narrowed. "You cannot help it, brother, for you shall eat our oath, and when you have eaten it, you will be a true Kikuyu in your heart and blood and soul."

"I shall never eat it, Gitau!"

"You will, Matthew, you will eat it very soon, and once you have done so there is no way back. And I tell you this, brother"—Gitau was walking excitedly about, the revolver lay on the table beside Matthew's clenched hands—"I tell you this, you will take the oath in your Christian church at your Christian mission, and we shall see then who is the strongest, the living God of the Kikuyu or the lying God of the Europeans."

It would have been easy for Gitau to have picked up the revolver and shot Matthew, but he did not do so, because a living Matthew would be a great deal more valuable than a dead one, once he had taken the oath. He put a hand on Matthew's shoulder and shook him, picked up his Sten gun from the floor and ran lightly down the steps of the veranda without even troubling to say goodbye to Martha-Wambui.

For a long time Matthew sat at the table without moving, his head low, staring at his hands. Martha-Wambui did not disturb him. She was bewildered and angry with all this idle talk between her husband and her lover. Both had forgotten her, and argued about things of much less interest and importance.

They had met, and nothing had come of it; and as for Matthew, she was filled with contempt. He had found the murderer of his father, threatened to kill him and then let him go. Gitau had been helpless, but had thrown up a shield of words and that had protected him.

After a while, Matthew rose slowly from the table and walked with heavy steps to his office, which housed the telephone. He put through his call, and soon he heard the voice of the District Commissioner.

"Matthew," it said, "I have been trying to get hold of you for over an hour. Is everything all right?"

"Yes, Mr. Chapman, everything is all right."

"I've had a report in about Gitau. It seems to be the general idea that he's behind the ambush of Kimani."

"Yes, I believe so."

CHAPMAN went on: "The report is that he's been seen at Sunguru only this morning. I don't know how reliable it is. One never does know, and there are all sorts of rumours. Check up as quickly as you can. You haven't heard anything, have you? . . . Matthew, are you there?"

"Yes, I am here."

"Did you understand?"

"Yes, sir, I understood."

"I asked you—have you heard anything about Gitau?"

After a pause, Matthew answered slowly.

"No, sir, nothing definite."

"Well, get cracking—no stone unturned. I'll be out myself a little later. Is your wife ready to move? Send her in on the lorry, and I'll bring you back with me."

"Mr. Chapman?"

"Yes?"

"I have thought over all you said."

"There is not much alternative."

"I have decided to stay here."

"What?"

"I hope you will not issue an order for me to come to Tetu. I cannot leave."

The telephone was silent for a little. Then it said: "If they get you, it's not only that we lose a good man. It'll be a big victory for them."

"I hope you will not force me to disobey your order, Mr. Chapman."

"It's like that, is it?"

"Yes."

"All right, then. I'll bring a double guard out tonight and don't stir without at least two askaris. For God's sake take care. These thugs will stick at nothing."

"I know that," Matthew said.

The evening was beginning when he left the office, the sun was turning gold and the clouds over Kerinyagga beginning to lighten.

Matthew stood for a moment with his eyes towards it, Kerinyagga, the seat of the God of the Kikuyu and the footstool of the God of the Christians, who had made it and could move it if he chose.

Matthew couldn't have put into words or even thoughts the feelings that moved his spirit as he looked across the ridges at the shrouded peak, whether for the last time he could not say; nor could he say whether the prayer he uttered silently was addressed to the Lord of Hosts or to the God of Kerinyagga, or whether it would be heard by either, or vanish like the call of a pigeon, on the evening air.

To be continued next week

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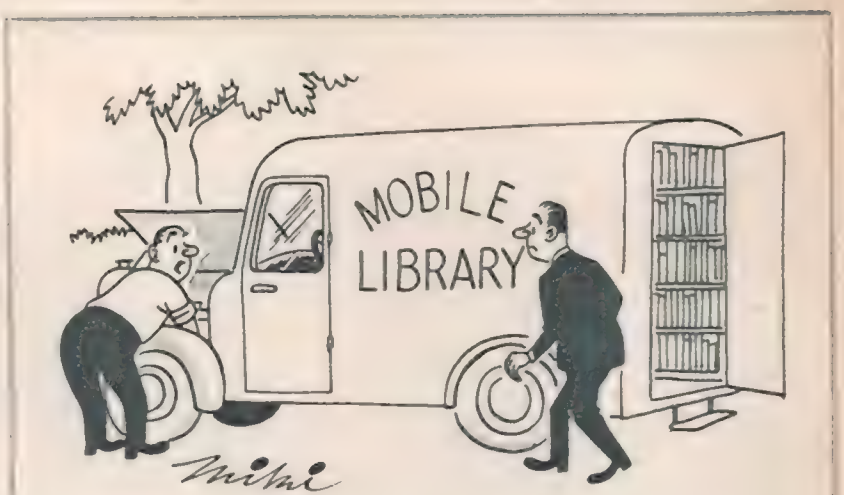


"Got anything on ignition systems, Joe?"

THE CORN HARVEST

Continued from page 19

practice brought more money for less labour to Penybryn.

It was in the middle of August that the old farmer, with his sons Joseph and Jacob, was standing in the shade of the fir plantation before the Glebe Meadow, which this year had become a wheatfield. It was in the early afternoon; there was a wild heat upon the parish, with a soft blue haze out upon the Shropshire Plain and about the smooth tops of the Welsh mountains.

Joseph was the younger of the sons, a fair-haired lad with blue eyes made large and intense by the thick-lensed glasses he had always to wear.

"The old glebe has turned in a ripe crop all right, Dad," he said. "Never thought there was so much richness in the soil."

The old farmer nodded and shaded his brown, wrinkle-encrusted eyes with the flat of his broad hand so that he might look out the more easily on the sun-drenched prospect.

"It has done well. What say you, Jacob?"

Jacob, the elder of the sons, had only a little to say at all times.

"Very well, Dad," he said now.

JOSEPH reached down and plucked strands of wire netting which had been put up to ward off the rabbits from the wheat. "Me and Jacob have been thinking about all the work there will be with the corn this year, Dad."

Nathaniel Davies paused before he replied. He had tried not to think about the time when his own flesh and blood would grumble about the work of the corn harvest.

"There is always work before beauty, Joseph," he answered slowly.

The two brothers looked at one another and their father knew then that it had all been arranged between them, and that he was the outsider.

"A stooked cornfield is one of the most lovely sights about the fields," he went on. "There is a pattern about it which is like the sea, up and down."

The old man paused and made swaying motions with his hands in the warm air. His sons watched him.

"Like the sea, Dad, did you say?" Jacob asked.

Nathaniel knew that his sons were trying to be kind to him, but somehow the way they did not accept his words angered him. He pointed suddenly and fiercely to the standing corn and his voice rose a little in pitch.

"Yes, it was the sea I said. When we have cut the corn and stooked it, it will be like the sea. Full of rhythm and the endless pattern of life."

Jacob and Joseph looked at each other again, and their father could see that his tiny anger upset them. Joseph smiled, and waved his hand to the view over the cornfield; beyond were the meadows, with the Jersey cows and the willows by the wandering river.

"It is all very beautiful, Dad, very lovely. But all that we can see today is permanent. A stooked cornfield will only be for a weekend or two, and then it has to be cut with the binder and the sheaves have to be set up and then thrown down. It has to be carried on the trailer behind the tractor to the house and unloaded and made into a stack or put in the Dutch Barn. Then we have to keep the rats out of it and cover it against the weather, and there it has to wait until the threshing machine comes and it can be threshed. It's a lot to pay for a week or two of looking at a few stooks on a field, Dad."

Nathaniel Davies turned away from the view of the field of corn and looked into the darkness of the fir wood. He had a sudden longing for the way that nature farmed the world; for effortless labours and a pattern of chaos, for manures made from dead leaves, for hedges made by rivers and by upstanding mountains.

"Can you not let your old Dad have his stooks in his old age?" he asked. "Why not thresh on the field? That will give me a few stooks for a day or two, at least."

Jacob plucked at the harp-tight wire-netting and waited for its humming to cease before he replied. "A combine, Dad, that's what we were thinking of hiring for the Glebe Field. A combine."

Joseph, the gentler of the two sons, went on to reassure and calm their father. "It's really very wonderful Dad, the way it speeds up the work. It cuts the corn and it threshes it all at one go, and it fills bags straightaway. As it goes round and round the corn it does all that. At the end of the day we shall have left just bags of corn and heaps of baled straw. Isn't that a miracle?"

Nathaniel Davies laughed; a tiny mirthless echo came back from the trunks and the bundles of the briar bushes. "It will have to be a dry weather miracle, won't it? A combine can only work if the weather has been good and dry?"

"That's true," said Joseph.

THE old man smiled with the wisdom of one who had known wet summers and sunny winters. "Well, if it rains there can be no using the combine on the Glebe Field, can there?"

"True, Dad," replied Jacob.

In a great spurt of affection, the old man put his arms around the shoulders of his two sons. "Well, boys, that is the test then. If it rains we shall have no combine, if it keeps dry and hot like this I will have that great ugly thing on our land. If it does rain, though, we shall have to have the old binder out and do things the old way?"

Joseph laughed and started to lead the way to the old black and white house where the kettle would be singing for tea.

"Fair enough, Dad, we'll leave nature to decide."

The two boys made arrangements for an agricultural contractor to bring his combine to work the Glebe Field on the Monday following, if dry weather. In the days up to Sunday, Jacob and Joseph watched the barometer in the

hallway of Penybryn, tapping it sometimes. And they listened to the weather forecasts on the radio, and watched the colour of the sunsets and the winds of the morning.

Old Nathaniel Davies, however, had none of this curiosity about him. He read the local paper and talked to his wife, and in the hot evenings sat in the late sunshine carving the head of a walking stick he had made. He was calm; the two sons were uneasy.

The hot weather continued, with the swallows in the evenings blue and swift about the tops of the house and the farm buildings. And in the night there was a heavy dew, wetting the slates of the old roof and making the ancient joists creak as they cooled.

It was on the Sunday evening that the tractor of the agricultural contractor came to the yard of Penybryn, bringing the long combine on its powerful wheels. Its arrival on a Sunday surprised the old farmer. Like all of his generation, he went to the parish church, and even the most urgent of the harvest work was left on a Sunday. Even Jacob and Joseph seemed a little uneasy that the man had brought the machine on this day.

Nathaniel Davies did not go out to see it. He sat in the window of the cool parlour, and only smiled when his wife said how ugly was the thing which was a little factory on wheels.

It was only that night, as he lay by the side of his sleeping wife, that Nathaniel Davies suddenly understood what was to be on the morrow. In some way, he had been almost certain that it would rain before Monday; that once again they would use the self-binder and have a field of stooked corn. He had been almost sure in his heart that some fierce rain would come.

But as he lay on the feather mattress, Nathaniel Davies had an onrush of fear about his heart. The night was warm and starry, with no ring around the moon. The wind was from the dry south, and that meant there could be no rain for three days at least.

The sudden realization made him sit upright in the bed, his hands about his head. The movement woke his wife. "Are you all right, Nat?" she called in her anxious, piping way.

"Oh, yes, yes. I thought I heard the rain, that was all."

"Do relax, Nat dear, and try and get this thing off your mind. Worrying will not get rain or sunshine. It is out of our hands."

It was all so simple to her, he knew that. He lay back on the pillow.

"Try to accept this thing, Nat dear. The boys want to try the combine and every farmer in the district uses one these days. Times have altered, and we must alter with them. Turn for sleep, dear. We'll have a busy day tomorrow and you'll need a good rest."

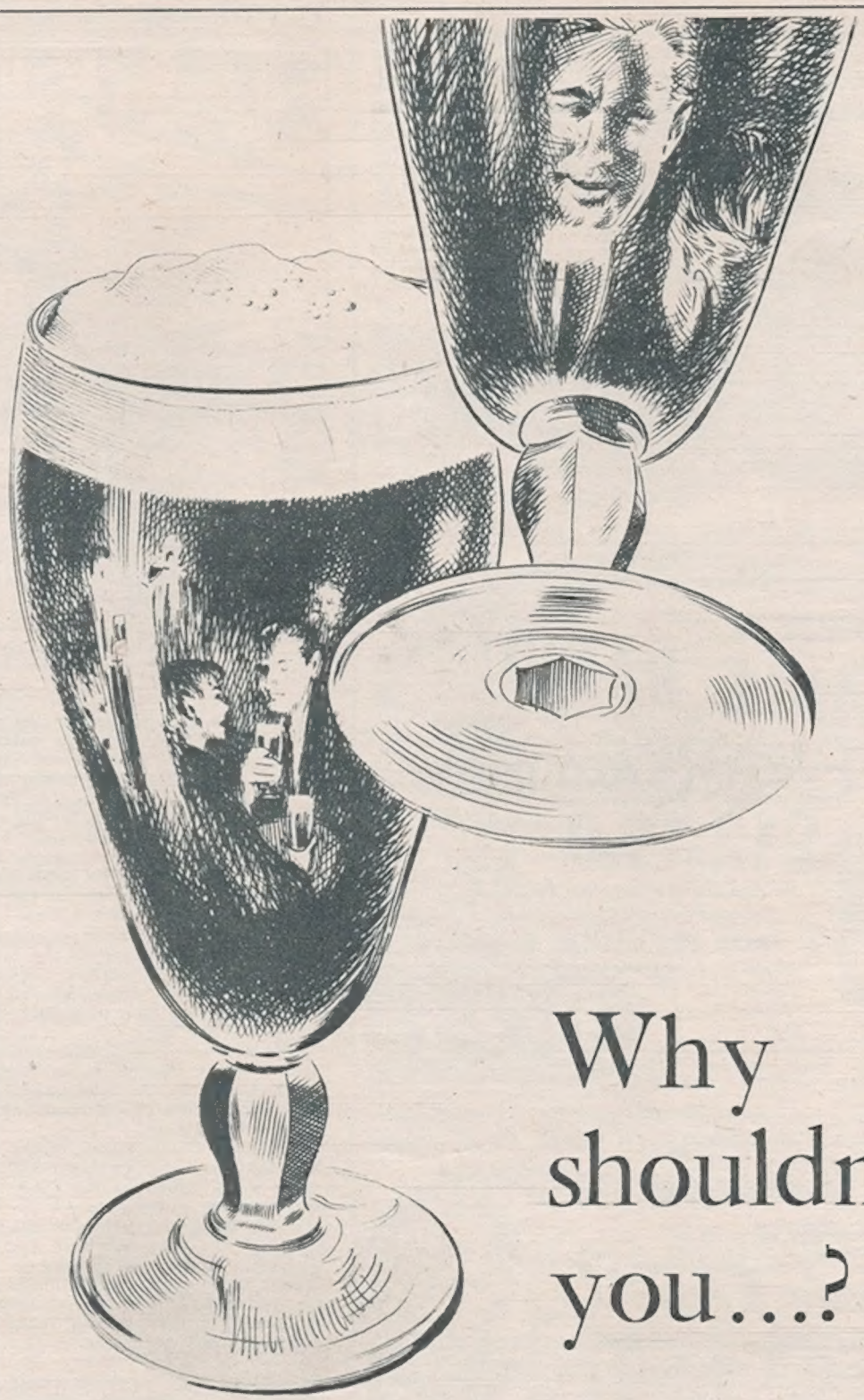
Obediently he turned, but not for sleep. He stared at the moonlight and the window, and waited until the last sounds had gone from the house.

It was then, about an hour later, that Nathaniel Davies, with great care and determination, slowly rose from the bed and went across the polished oak floor of the old room, and stood on the rag rug by the dormer window which looked out over the yard.

The concrete by the new cow-house, and the cobblestones by the old stables, were flushed by the silver of the moonlight. He could easily see over the tops of the buildings, to the cows sleeping out in the warm night on the pastures beyond. And there, at the far side of the yard, was the tractor, and behind it the oblong shape of the combine.

As the old man watched from the window, he saw a cat, made tiny against its own moon shadow, move from the house and towards the stack-yard. A little while after that, an old piece of newspaper danced in the sudden draught from where the tall old bull-house met the new dairy room. The paper was almost life-like for a few seconds, and then it settled limply against a concrete wall.

It was then that Nathaniel Davies saw another movement. From the back door of the house came the very slight noise of a latch, and after that a person ran lightly from the house to



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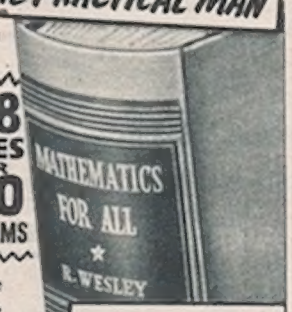

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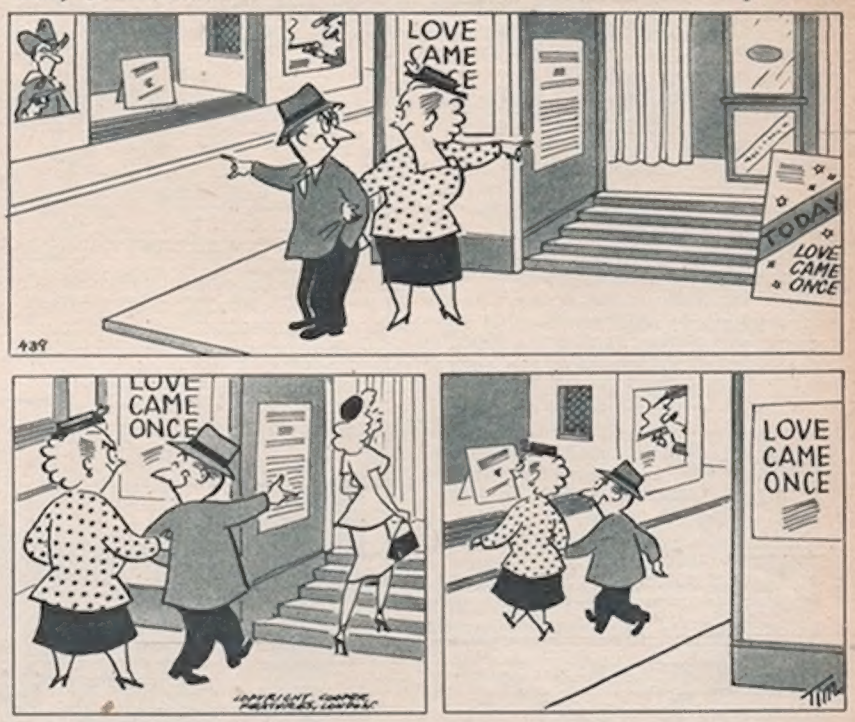

the shape of the combine by the yard side. Even as the old man watched, he clearly saw someone raising a spanner, the metalwork flicking back the moonlight. Then came a rather loud clank, and the man by the combine darted into the shadows.

It was two or three minutes later before he rose again, his hands reaching through a small door in the side of the combine harvester. Then, after about five minutes, he was seen running back from the machine to the house. In his one hand he carried the bright spanner; in his other he held a curiously shaped limb of metal with a cog at the end of it.

The latch of the back door was lifted again. After that there was silence, touched only by the brief gnawing of a mouse behind the wainscoting on the nearby landing.

Nathaniel Davies stood by the window until he began to shiver with the night cold. Then, having made sure that there was nothing more to be seen, he went with great care back into bed. Although the wind was still from the south and there was no ring of rain around the moon, he was smiling. And sleep came to him very obediently, as it does to a man who is made unexpectedly happy.

THE next day, in the morning sunshine, there was cheerfulness and happiness about Penybryn. Both Jacob and Joseph were aching to see the combine harvester at work as soon as the dew had risen. The agricultural contractor and his men had already taken the great machine to the Glebe Field, and there was haste to get the milking over.

Even Mrs. Davies had caught the excitement of the day. Over breakfast as she poured his tea, she patted her husband on the grey hairs of his head, and said, "See, Nat dear, Nature welcomes this wonderful way of harvesting. The wind is still from the south and the weather-glass is as high as can be."

With an unexpected gaiety, the old man tweaked her nose, but said no words in reply.

At ten thirty, the whole of the Davies family went to the Glebe Field to watch the combine-harvester at work. There, a space of corn by the gate had been cleared away by the contractor's men so that they could take the long machine into the field. The tractor was chugging and the internal workings of the combine were starting to hum. String for baling the straw had been put into the container; a heap of dry clean sacks was on the feeding platform; a new cutting-knife had been inserted in the bed of the machine; and all the belts and pulleys and controls had been adjusted.

Then, like the captain of a ship, the agricultural contractor shouted to his men: "Right away, one, two, three, off you go."

The great machine was lugged to the edge of the corn and started to make its way through on the first run. It moved a few feet, cutting the stalks orderly. But then there came a pause in the humming from the long high box, a curious grunting and warbling noise. Then a brief spurt of smoke appeared from the spout from which the grain should come. The contractor shouted to his men:

"Whoa! For Pete's sake, whoa!"

The tractor was stopped and the attendants climbed down from their seats on the combine. Silently, the contractor and his men gathered around the machine, peering through small doors in the metalwork.

The Davies family were standing just inside the gateway, opposite the fir plantation. Mrs. Davies said, "I think I will go to the baking, as there is something upset in the monster. Call me when he starts again, won't you?"

Nathaniel nodded, gravely. Jacob and Joseph were quiet by his side. Then Jacob said, in a worried voice, "Think I'll go and see if I can help."

When Jacob had moved away, Joseph, the younger of the brothers, put his hands in his pockets and held his head on one side, rather like a mischievous schoolboy.

Nathaniel Davies stretched out a brown hand and jerked his son's ear with a finger and thumb. It was an old trick he had done to Joseph when he was a boy, but an act which he had not performed for the last ten years. And as he did this, the old man said, "It was you last night in the moonlight, Joseph?"

Still staring at the sweating men peering into the combine, Joseph answered, "Yes, Dad. Fancy you looking out at that time of the night."

"You beat me to it, Joseph."

They looked directly at each other and laughed. Jacob, by the combine, heard and looked towards them, puzzled.

Joseph shouted to his brother: "What's wrong?"

"They think it's a part which has been lost on the journey here," Jacob called back.

In a half whisper, Nathaniel Davies asked Joseph, "Will they be able to get it going soon?"

"Not for a week, I should say."

"Oh."

Joseph wet a finger with spit and held it in the warm air. "Wind's changing, Dad. Turning south-west. In three days we should have rain."

Nathaniel Davies felt then like blessing this son of his who alone of the world understood him; and who had, within a few days, moved his loyalty from the light air of young dreams to that conservatism which conceals wisdom and forgiveness. THE END

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THIS WAY TO THE PRIZE-LIST

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Battle For Prosperity
Echoing Through The Years
Pilot Winston
It's Hard Work, But
The Suez
Goodbye, Summer
Full Of Surprises
The Changing Countryside
Flying Around
Jewel Of A Wife
Taking A Breather
In Letters Of Fire
Mr. Nobody
Pushed And Prodded
With A Bulldozer
Scared Stiff
Roar Of The Crowd
For Baby
Hardly Respectable
At The Ladies' Club

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

The Big.....Now
Out On The.....
Seeing..... Off
Becoming A .....
If She Can.....
One Word From.....And

Chief Winners No. 1,947

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Holiday in Jersey for Two: C. Jenkins, 1 Rock Cottages, Penyfai, Bridgend:

Some Fool Dithered And Speeding Fool Slithered And—!

£25: R. Edmiston, 46 Springfield Park Road, Burnside, Rutherglen, Glasgow: THE DESERT ON TOP—BUT STILL MY "SHEIK"!

£10: A. V. Hibbert, 11 Oakwood Avenue, Audenshaw, Lancs: A GOLDEN DREAM—WORLD FRIENDLY AS *Beach*!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: J. E. Woodward, 27 Bibury Crescent, Henleaze, Bristol: PROMISING YOUNGSTER—ATOM, BUT "MILITARY SERVICE"——! £8: S. E. Murden, "Byways," Park Avenue South, Harrogate: IN CHARLES'S HANDS—WINSTON *May* PLACE RESIGNATION! £7: A. S. Pattison, 43 Fines Road, Medomsley, Consett: PROMISING SIGN—PICNICKERS LEAVING *Stacked* TINS! £6: Miss E. Tarbrook, 216 Holme Lane, Sheffield: FOR LOVE OF BRITAIN—FRANCE CAN'T LOVE GERMANY! £5: Mrs. E. M. Cox, Garden Cottage, Raleigh, Bideford, N. Devon: SIR GALAHAD—PUZZLED—WHERE'S HELPLESS MAIDEN? £5: Mrs. L. A. Davis, 52 Harlington Road, Hillingdon, Middx: IN YOUNGSTER'S HANDS — MARVELS — WHERE ONCE, MARBLES! £5: E. A. Pickett, 8 Lumpton Grove, Grimsby: SOME FOOL STAYS AND—STAYS—SO PARKING *Stops*!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 100 Prizes of 5s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.
BULLET .....

EX. ..... |6d.
B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.
B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.
B. .....

LOBSTER, CHICKEN, PEACHES and CREAM

Grand "Summer Banquet" Bonus of ready-to-serve luxuries to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

1,952

Closing Postmark MON., SEPT. 6

Signed.....

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Address.....

Value.....

No.....

GET YOUR "BULLETIN" for GIANT BIRTHDAY OFFER!

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *"Bullets" Bulletin* at REDUCED SERIES RATE — first copy dated September 18, bringing *Bullets* first huge Birthday Offer.

P.O. 1s. No. .....

FREE!

New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

765

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated September 25 and in JOHN BULL dated October 2), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, September 18, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,952 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,952, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

How to keep your hair

handsome all day

It takes only 20 seconds a day to massage your hair with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic, but what a world of difference! With Dry Scalp checked, your hair looks naturally healthy, stays well-groomed all day. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic costs only 2/6, or double the quantity at 3/9.

Dry, unmanageable, scruffy hair? Hair that looks untidy? Your trouble may be Dry Scalp. Start today to check Dry Scalp this sure and simple way:

Every morning, gently massage in a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic for 20 seconds to supplement the natural scalp oils. Hair soon looks glossy, smart.

THE DRESSING THAT CHECKS DRY SCALP

Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

*'Vaseline' is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Ltd. 3372-7

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Write for Free Catalogue T.

Consult R. A. HARDING (BATH) LTD. LOWER BRISTOL RD. BATH

FREE

WRITE TODAY for your copy to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd. Dept. J.B., 10 Station Road, Shortlands, Kent.

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DISTEMPER
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ECZEMA
WORMS
ETC., ETC.

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WASHDAY NEWS!

OMO

adds BRIGHTNESS to WHITENESS

Whiteness alone is no longer enough

SEVERAL good washing powders promise you a clean white wash. And they keep that promise. New, blue Omo guarantees you a clean white wash too. But it does not stop there. Omo goes further, does more.

Omo gives you not only the completely clean and stain-free whites you expect, it gives you, too, an exciting *added* brightness which puts ordinary whiteness in the shade.

To-day, whiteness alone is no longer enough. Women who take a real pride in their wash want whiteness *plus* Omo brightness!

Can you really improve on whiteness? Yes. Even after your first Omo washday you'll wonder if your whites were ever *really* white before. The secret? Something special in Omo which actually adds brightness to whiteness.

Is OMO only for the white wash? No. Omo gives you gay coloureds too. Soft woollens, fresh silks, rayons. Hard water or soft, it makes no difference . . . Omo works wonders. And it is grand for washing up.

How does OMO do it? Omo has a 1-2-3 washing action. First it cleans, second it whitens, third, and best news of all Omo brightens. Try it once and you'll agree . . . whiteness alone is no longer enough.

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